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SEPTEMBER 16, 1978 ONE DOLLAR

Saturday Review

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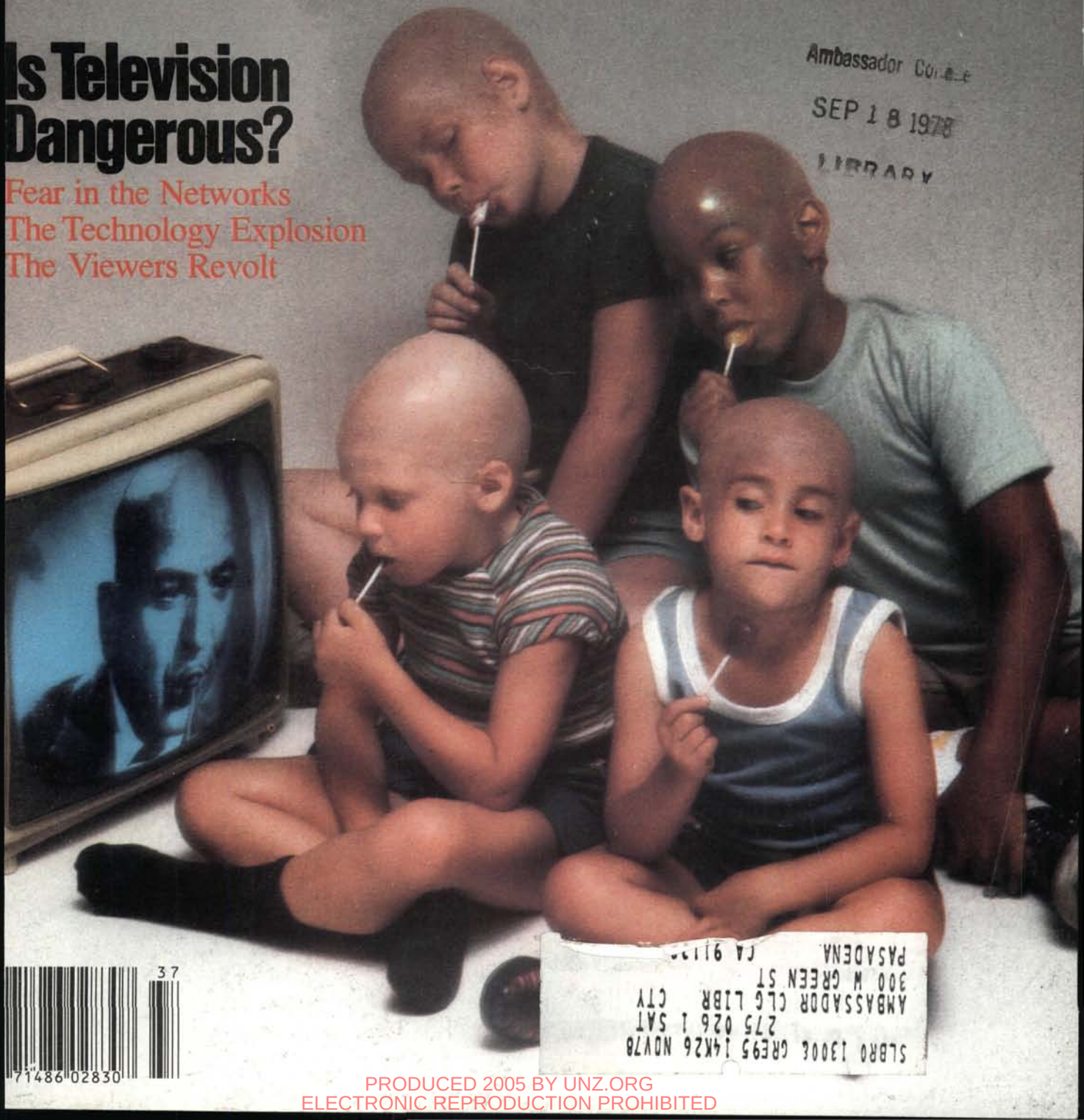
The Technology Explosion
The Viewers Revolt



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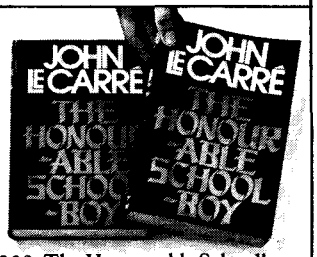

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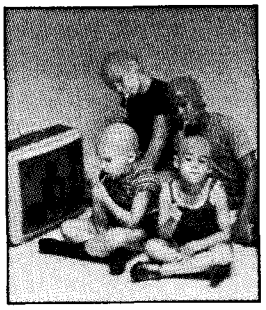

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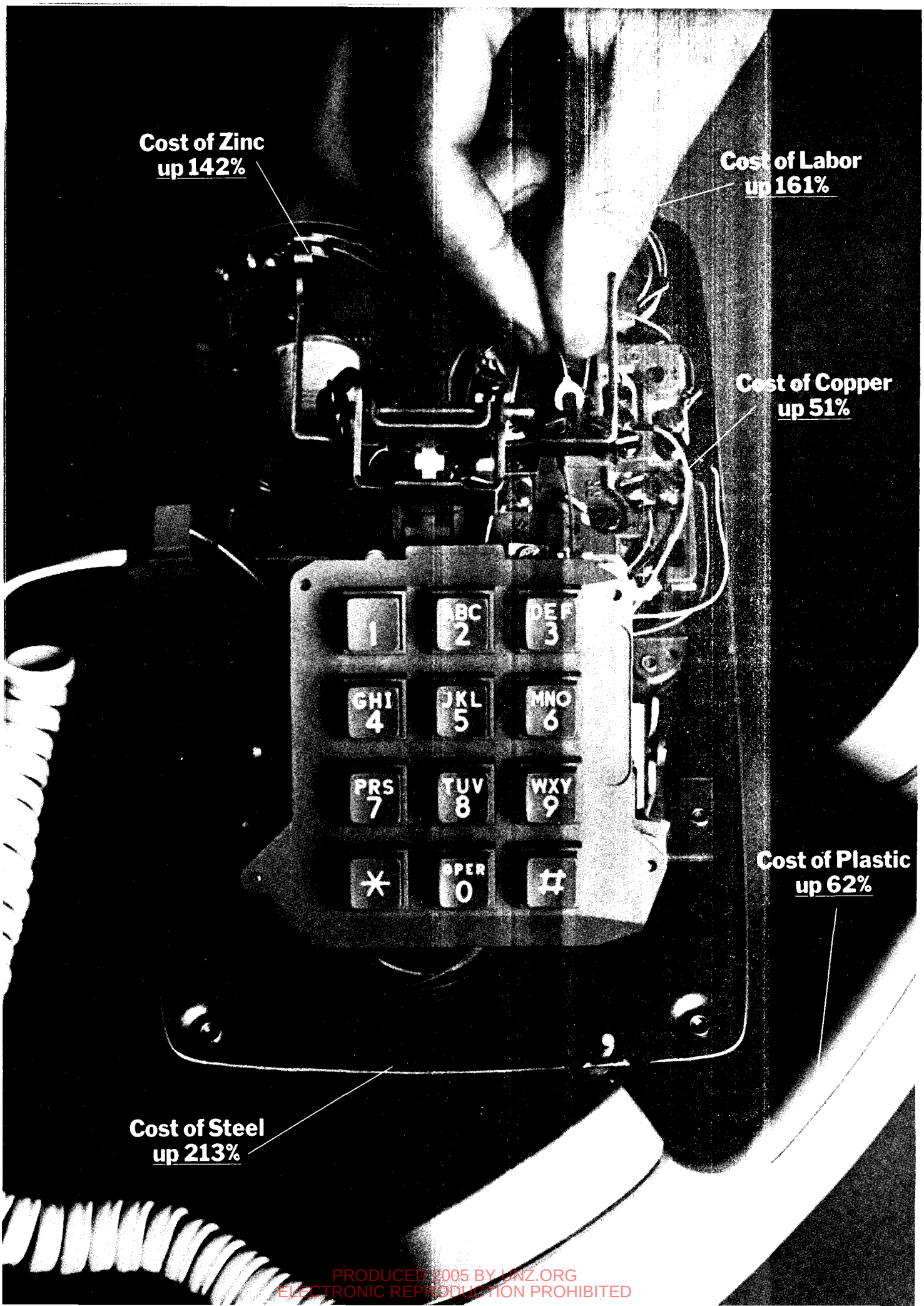

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In the last 10 years, the costs of labor and raw materials that go into this telephone have skyrocketed. And yet, the price of the finished product has risen only 18%.

Making it Better.

The explanation is really quite simple. During the same period of time, this telephone has been redesigned literally dozens of times. Western Electric engineers kept discovering ways to make it a little more efficiently. So while our materials and labor costs were going up, we've been able to hold our manufacturing costs down. Not a bad way to cope with inflation.

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Committed to Cutting Costs.

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Like the idea developed by two of our engineers to redesign a piece of casing. In its first year it saved $2.3 million.

Or like the idea developed by a team of engineers from Western Electric and Bell Labs that involved a new technique for electroplating our switching equipment. It has saved over $8.5 million in its first year.

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With cost reductions like these, no wonder our rate of productivity improvement is well ahead of the overall U.S. rate. And it's one reason that during the past 10 years, telephone rates have risen less than half as fast as the consumer price index.

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LETTERS

Sunburned Tiger

Considering his background and stature as executive editor of the *Harvard Business Review*, David Ewing really blew it in his article ["Death in the Corporate Jungle," July 8], at least in his references to Sun Company.

First, Becton, Dickinson's life prior to Sun's purchase of 34 percent of its stock could hardly be called "peaceful," as any cursory reading of the business press (with which I would expect David Ewing to be familiar) would indicate. Second, neither the SEC nor any other litigant in the matter has charged Sun with "for months ... secretly buying large chunks of its stock." All parties acknowledge—and it is a simple matter of record—that Sun bought the stock during the late afternoon of January 16. Third, Sun did not "take over" Becton, Dickinson. Sun doesn't control or operate it, and Sun has no representation on its board of directors.

These basic misstatements of fact therefore cast doubt on Ewing's admittedly subjective portrait of Bob Sharbaugh, Sun's chairman. While many may agree that he is "good looking" and "tough minded," I seriously doubt that anyone who has met him would say he is a "wheeler-dealer" or someone with "little patience for subordinates who fail."

Kurt VanVlandren
Director, Corporate Public Relations
Sun Company
Radnor, Pa.

David Ewing replies: Like a deception in a John Le Carre novel, Sun's sleight of hand seems to have fooled even one of its own top officers, Kurt VanVlandren. According to the well-documented case of the Securities Exchange Commission, which seeks to block the takeover, Sun's management secretly started planning in detail, in late November of 1977, the raid on Becton, Dickinson (B-D). Beginning on Christmas day—this timing would have delighted Scrooge—Sun's brokers got in the act, calling large stockholders of B-D to see if they would sell.

Sun is scarcely in a position to comment on B-D's peacefulness. It is true that two top B-D director-owners defected—but Sun rewarded them handsomely for doing so. It paid them 137 percent of the market price for their shares.

VanVlandren demonstrates a keen sense of humor when he asserts that Sun doesn't seek control. Why else so much secrecy? Why else its tempting offers of fat premiums to B-D stockholders for selling out?

Playfulness also shows up in the name given the subsidiary created to execute the takeover—LHIW, Inc. These disarming initials stand for "Let's hope it works."

As for my description of Bob Sharbaugh, it was intended to be a compliment. He isn't running a YMCA but a tiger of a company that seeks to outlive a dying industry.

Inalienable Rights

I would like to correct the suggestion in the opening paragraph of "Unsettling News" [Front Runners, July 8] that the "enemy aliens" [whose internment was dealt with in the piece] were mistreated. Apart from their internment, there was no mistreatment; the Justice Department lived up to its Geneva Convention commitment, which meant that the prisoners were treated well and with respect. What was deplorable was the wartime policy of interning persons without due process of law, a policy authorized by an ancient law that is still upheld in the courts—the Alien Enemy Act of 1789.

As for "stranded" aliens of enemy nationality, the only ones who came within that category were the crews of German and Italian ships that happened to be in our harbors when war was declared. The majority of the interned aliens were longtime residents of the United States.

Jerre Mangione
Philadelphia, Pa.

The Debate Continues

It is unfortunate that Gene Maeroff chose the subject that he did for his article ["Brouhaha Over Competency Testing," July 8]. Competency testing is too complex an issue to be dealt with in a single page and perhaps it should occupy more room in a future edition of *Saturday Review*.

That consideration aside, Maeroff has gratuitously editorialized where he should have been clear and concise. As

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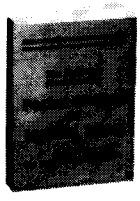

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LETTERS

a high-school teacher, I am well aware that administrators will, like electricity, take the path of least resistance when it comes to asking fundamental questions of their profession. They, like everyone else, know where their bread is buttered. But Maeroff omits mention of those teachers and administrators who see competency testing as a valuable opportunity to achieve some sort of definition of just what a school is supposed to do in this society.

In addition, Maeroff finds it easier to defame than define in his conclusion. I don't know if he has ever taught in an American public school, but his assertion that "it is always the children who are supposed to bear the burden of failure" is only half the story. Any serious teacher bears some burden of failure and guilt simply because, given the numbers and the timetable he has to work with, he knows he will never be able to fully use his competence and knowledge for the good of his students. The necessity for competency testing comes as much from modern American society's over-abundance of intellectual slothfulness as from education's notorious failures. Maeroff's conclusion is simply misplaced populism and his omissions warrant as much attention as his assertions.

Michael Bettencourt
Trumansburg, N.Y.

An Olé for Mexico

Alan Riding's analysis of the Mexican scene and its interaction with America ["Why Mexico Is an American Problem," July 8] is one of the most important foreign affairs articles in any magazine in recent years. Because Mexico is capable of making big trouble for the United States if it so desires, the American government would do well to stop castigating Mexican initiative in world forums and to start trying to get on the good side of a nation that has much to give the United States in terms of labor, fuel, and markets for goods. President Carter's *abrazo* (embrace) diplomacy between individual political personalities should be replaced by a "get-acquainted" program among the common people. For two nations that share a common boundary, we are woefully ignorant of each other.

Frank W. Goheen
Camas, Wash.

Immodesty Rewarded

It is not my practice to write fan mail, but a bravo is in order for Karl Meyer and his ["Immodest Proposals for PBS," July 8]. Never a television fan, I have reached the point of no return and my set has stood blank and silent now for months. If any one of Meyer's proposals is taken up, it will probably be sufficient to turn it, and me, on again—at least until the ratio of advertising time to substance time again kills my attention span. I have no philosophical quarrel with advertising—only a practical one. I'd like to see Meyer use his ingenuity on that.

Elliot Charney
Bethesda, Md.

To Jog or not to Jog

Jonathan Maslow's article ["Jogging Mania—Enough Already!" June 10] was certainly an entertaining piece. In fact, I laughed so hard at several points in the article that my roommate asked me to take my copy of *Saturday Review* into another room. However, although I fully agree that jogging is the most unexciting of physical activities, I do think its recent revival is a step forward from the sedentary lifestyle to which so many Americans are accustomed. The salutary benefits acquired from running are by themselves enough for jogging to be considered a worthy endeavor. As John Dryden once wrote:

Better to hunt in fields, for health unbought,
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught.
The wise, for cure, on exercise depend;
God never made his work for man to mend.

M.C.
Manhasset, N.Y.

Editor's Note: An error was inadvertently inserted into Eric Goldman's review of Theodore H. White's *In Search of History* (September 2). It is stated that the memoirs are "always" written in the third person. It should have read that they are "mostly" written in the third person. ◉

Answer to *Fraser Young Literary Crypt No. 114* The art of seeing nature is a thing almost as much to be acquired as the art of reading Egyptian hieroglyphics. —Constable

Answer to *Wit Twister No. 125*
derives, diverse, Revised, deviser

Answer to Middleton Double-Crostic No. 154
Stephen Dalton:
(The) Miracle of Flight

Since the dawn of his history man...must have longed for wings of his own so that he too might take off and experience the rush of cool air as he swooped and turned in the skies. Unobstructed and free, he would be able to escape from the constraints of his earthbound existence.

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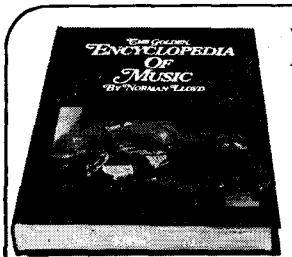

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CITIVIEWS

CITIVIEWS is distributed quarterly to Citicorp investors. It contains viewpoints on timely public issues. We believe the following may be of interest to you...

Is Capitalism Kaput?

The word "capital" goes back to the Latin *caput,* meaning "head." Unfortunately, it is pronounced like a modern German word, *kaput,* which refers to something that is broken and doesn't work anymore. Many people, not all of whom speak German, seem to believe that this accurately describes the condition of modern capitalism, nor do all of them find this prospect displeasing.

Capitalism has never been good at winning popularity contests. It has always had more practitioners than friends. One reason for this is that it is the least theoretical of all modern economic systems. Or, to put it differently, it is a system where the practice comes first and the theory comes second. Theories of capitalism are mostly descriptive: Given the chance, people tend to behave in certain ways, and capitalist theories consist mainly of attempts to analyze the results. This is in sharp contrast to the various theories of socialism, all of which undertake in one degree or another to describe how people ought to behave—and then set out to create an economic system that will oblige them to do it.

When Marx and Engels published the *Communist Manifesto* in 1848, they used a considerable portion of their rather short document to warn the world against the blandishments of (1) reactionary socialism, (2) feudal socialism, (3) petty-bourgeois socialism, (4) German or "true" socialism, (5) conservative or bourgeois socialism, and (6) critical or Utopian socialism.

Socialism had not yet been established in any country; yet there were already at least six false forms of it for Marx and Engels to warn us against. Can anyone name six false forms of capitalism?

Capitalism began, not with a manifesto or flag, but as a series of economic and social pressures stretched over a long period. The interconnection of these events was perceived only long after the fact, and few if any of them were popular at the time. Their combined effect was revolutionary, and like all revolutions received a poor welcome from those securely situated in the old society.

Marx and Engels, writing at the inception of communism, gave capitalism great credit for its revolutionary role in history. One passage in their *Manifesto* is especially worth examining:

The bourgeoisie, wherever it has got the upper hand, has put an end to all feudal, patriarchal, idyllic relations. It has pitilessly torn asunder the motley feudal ties that bound man to his "natural superiors" and has left remaining no other nexus between man and man than naked self-interest, than callous "cash payment." It has drowned the most heavenly ecstasies of religious fervor, of chivalrous enthusiasm, of philistine sentimentalism, in the icy water of egotistical calculation. It has resolved personal worth into exchange value, and in place of the numberless indefeasible chartered freedoms, has set up that single, unconscionable freedom—Free Trade.

Since the authors of this statement clearly disapprove of the "motley feudal ties" that capitalism rent asunder, why does not capitalism emerge a hero? The clue is in that one word, *unconscionable,* which means "unrestrained by conscience." Why is Free Trade unconscionable? Because it is, by definition, free—and free means unrestrained. We are in the presence of a tautology, the absurdity of which can be shown by simply calling it Unrestrained Trade instead of Free Trade; thus capitalism is guilty of engaging in unrestrained Unrestrained Trade.

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This confusion lies at the heart of the conflict between contemporary economic philosophies. If trade in the sense of commercial activity is never to be totally free, then under what restraints should it be compelled to operate, and who shall impose these restraints and by what authority? If conscience is to be one of the restraints, then the question becomes: whose conscience? The answers that society, knowingly or unknowingly, decides to accept today determine the economic system under which it lives tomorrow. This is a continuous struggle among human beings: All that varies from time to time is the intensity and form of the debate.

Two hundred years ago, Jeremy Bentham and his disciples were struggling to establish the principle of utilitarianism as the only proper guide for a statesman's conscience. For all practical purposes, the Benthamites have long since won their argument; all shades of political opinion now accept—at least publicly—the proposition that the only legitimate goal of public policy is the greatest good for the greatest number of people. What was once a controversial social and political movement has now become virtually axiomatic and is simply not discussed.

This very lack of discussion, however, tends to obscure some fundamental questions. Capital, after all, is nothing but the accumulated savings from labor performed in the past—a point on which Adam Smith and Karl Marx could easily agree. So what we are continually asking is: What is to be done with those accumulated savings, how—and whether—they will be replenished once consumed, and who shall designate the decision-makers?

One solution to that problem is an institution called the marketplace. It first appeared as the *agora* in Greek communities around 700 B.C. In contrast to the towns of ancient Mesopotamia, which had no formal marketplaces, the agora was the recognized center of the Greek cities, and it can be persuasively argued that the agora was the dynamic behind the seventh century upsurge of the Aegean peoples that led to classical civilization. As one historian puts it, "With a fistful of coins and an eye for the main chance, the individual had arrived in history."

It is doubtful that any marketplace has ever been completely free. The whole body of regulation by which modern societies set limits to the free play of economic self-interest implies the acceptance, either deliberate or unconscious, of moral standards by reference to which certain kinds of economic conduct are pronounced illegitimate. But even the most ardent believer in the proposition that free competition is "unconscionable" might still harbor doubt about whose conscience, exactly, is to supplant the unconscionable—unless, of course, he has become firmly convinced the conscience should be his own.

In the latter event he still has the problem of persuading the rest of us, which really amounts to moving the action from the marketplace to the political arena. The commonweal is sometimes enhanced by this maneuver, and sometimes diminished. History abundantly demonstrates, however, that people tend to pursue their own self-interest as determinedly in one arena as they do in the other, and that wherever they are free to make their opinions felt politically, some form of marketplace survives.

And where it does not, something has been lost far more precious than a theory or system of economics. It is not capitalism that is kaput, but freedom.

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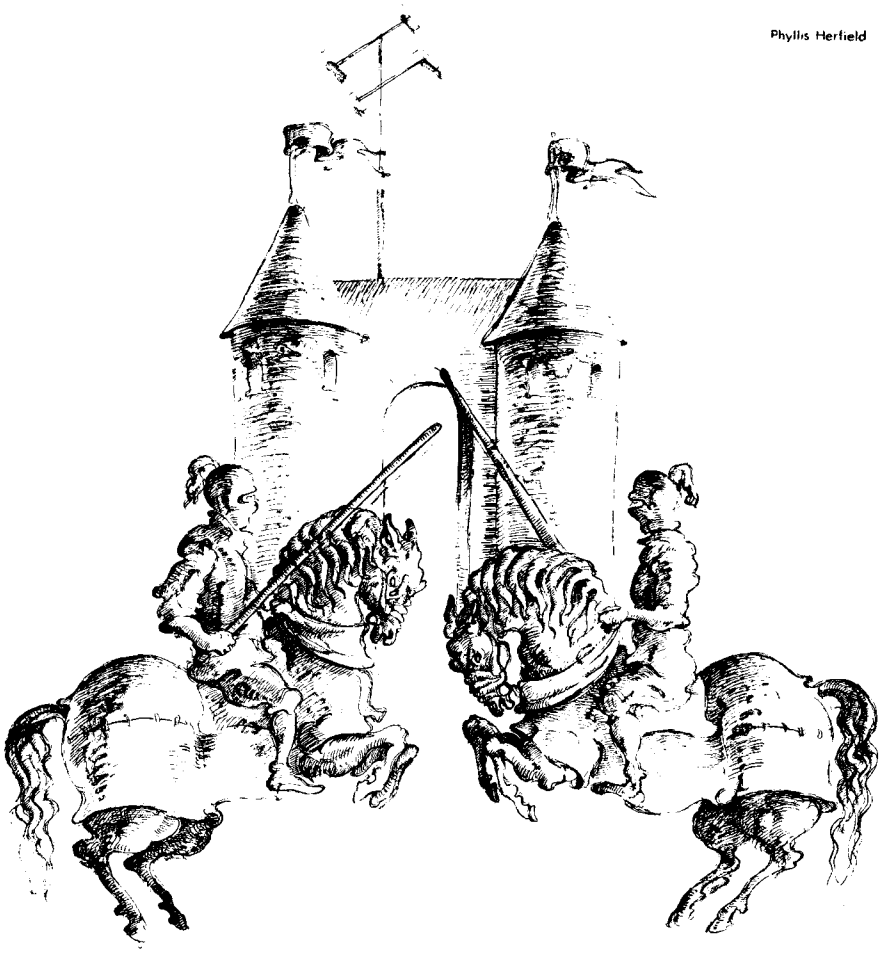

Phyllis Herfield

Knights to Remember

If the world is too much with you, why not take on a new name, a new way of life, and even a new time slot—say, the Middle Ages. You won't be alone in this: Already, some 5,000 Americans and Canadians, reports *Grit* magazine, are boldly living out their anachronistic fantasies. Thus Michael Peterson of Rockford, Illinois, thinks of himself as a medieval Viking named Halfdan Greenleaf—he's so listed in the phone book—who lives in the Shire of Blackhawk.

Greenleaf has organized a local six-person Society for Creative Anachronism, whose four males have a grand time jousting with other Middle Western and Canadian refugees-in-time, while wearing knightly armor and chain mail. The ladies, meanwhile, wear long dresses, spin and sew, and in general minister demurely to their champions' needs. "It's fun, it's romanticism—a way of going into another world," enthuses Halfdan Greenleaf. "We creatively choose good aspects of the Middle Ages as it should have been, leaving out the bubonic plague and keeping the indoor plumbing."

Meanwhile, outside Cincinnati, Ohio, 88-year-old Harry Andrews has, with some help, built—by hand, with over two million rocks from a riverbed—a towering castle he calls Chateau La Roche. Besides Andrews, the castle houses a 150-member secret order—complete with pages, squires, and knights—called the Knights of the Golden Trail. Andrews, whose knightly title is seneschal, founded the order, as *Ohio Magazine* tells it, "to save mankind from total degradation and degeneration."

Dig We Must

The pothole problem may have New York City buffaloed, but Yukon, Oklahoma, has tackled this urban nuisance head-on: City Manager James Branum recently ordered all able-bodied city employees to hit the streets for a day and get to work doing temporary patch jobs on the offending holes.

Yes, Mayor Harold Dunham was among the toilers, heroically wielding a shovel in 95-degree temperature. Everyone grumbled about the backbreaking chore and about the weakening of vital city services, but the turnout was excellent—mainly because Branum said that any no-shows better have awfully good excuses, or they'd be canned outright.

"Something had to be done to buy a little bit of time," said Mayor Dunham. "With these temporary patches in, we can begin letting contracts to do the job properly." Presumably the nation's big cities are monitoring the Yukon experiment with more than ordinary interest.

Undoctored History

Doctors are forever preening themselves on the way they have lengthened life and cut down on disease during the 20th century. But now comes a British public health expert, Dr. Thomas McKeown, claiming that better diet and hygiene and a lowered birth rate—*not* miracle drugs and new surgical techniques—are what have turned the trick. Writing in *Human Nature* magazine, McKeown—professor of social medicine at the University of Birmingham—notes that "Deaths from the common infectious diseases were declining long before effective medical intervention was possible....By 1900, the total death rate had dropped substantially, and over 90 percent of the reduction was due to a decrease of death from infectious disease...." One hopes Professor McKeown is resting comfortably, readying himself for the counterblast sure to come from his medical colleagues.

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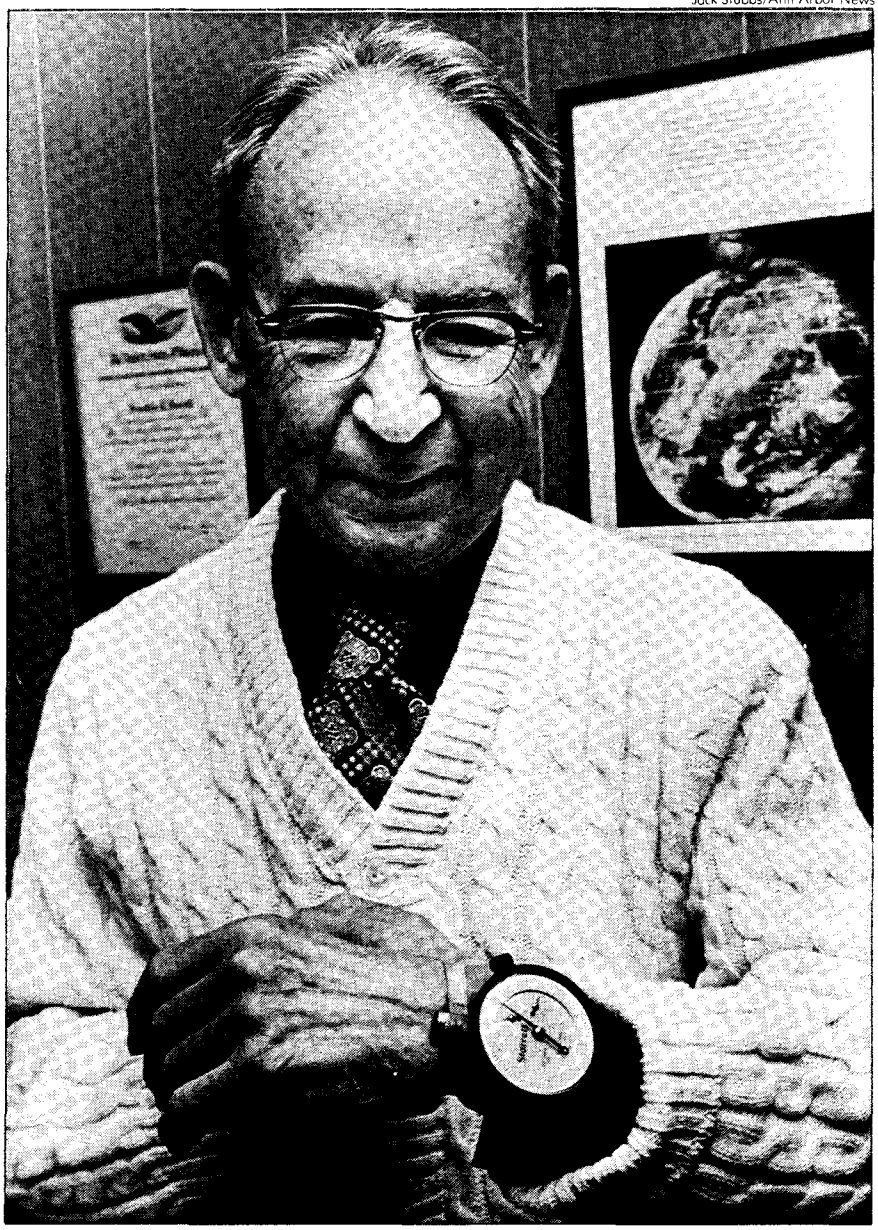
About Time

Metric weights and measures are already proving a big headache for Americans, and now a retired University of Michigan professor wants to get clocks and watches into the metric act. Dr. Franklin L. Everett has invented a metric wristwatch (below) on which the 24-hour day is divided into 100 intervals called "temps " Thus, you would go to work at 37 temps (about 8 AM), eat lunch at 50 temps (noon), and knock off work at 70 temps (5 PM).

"Metric time seems so basic when time is one of the dimensions," Everett recently told science writer Larry Bush. "If anyone else has proposed metric time, I haven't heard about it. ... People with expensive [conventional] watches might complain, but it ought to make the watch and clock makers happy. And all the five-year-olds ... would be grateful because it would be very much easier for them to learn how to tell time."

Jack Stubbs/Ann Arbor News



Sanctuary

How to shield London's Third World immigrant population from attacks by marauding white street gangs? Responding to this challenge, the Greater London Council has raised a storm by planning to create a "safe area"—an official ghetto for nonwhites only—in the city's tough East End section.

The controversial plan would apply, specifically, to 20,000 Bengali immigrants from Bangladesh, who have been calling, the council says, for just such a protected enclave. "It's a reasonable and sensible solution to a very difficult problem," council chairman Horace Cutler told reporters. "If they're kept together, we can prevent intimidation."

Maybe so, but the situation has ugly undertones: The ghetto plan cuts squarely across the grain of British tradition, and many feel the GLC, which is dominated by Conservatives, may in fact have thought up the scheme as a way of giving vent to some of its members' segregationist views. Others feel the plan amounts to a kind of internal-passport system based on skin color, and that it simply won't work in a complex, interdependent city like London—even if the Bengalis themselves are all for it.

"I think in the long run this [plan] can only be harmful to racial harmony," says Labor Party chairman Arthur Latham. "The problem is whether we're going to live with racism or fight it—and I think we should fight it."

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CURRENTS

The Corporation in the Classroom

by Fred M. Hechinger

IS IT REALLY true that American universities are anti free enterprise? True or not, it's no secret that many corporate leaders are convinced that most college-level economics courses play down capitalism and talk up socialist economics. As a result, more and more corporations are now underwriting college courses intended to teach the superiority of free enterprise.

This new activist role played by corporations on the campuses may well become a significant force in higher education. According to the Council for Financial Aid to Higher Education, industry has already underwritten 100 such courses, and another survey reports the endowment of more than 20 "free enterprise" faculty chairs, with an equal number currently in the planning stage. Clearly, it is a trend that deserves attention.

Some of the big companies make no bones about the one-sided aims of the programs that they bankroll. The Goodyear Tire and Rubber Co., for instance, has given Kent State University $250,000 to set up the Goodyear Professorship of Free Enterprise. The retired advertising executive who holds the new post says frankly that he regards it as a golden opportunity to act as a "business missionary." A businessman who endowed Ohio State with a similar chair has said, "Since universities teach youngsters about the Communist, socialist, and fascist systems, I feel [there is] a real need for someone to teach about American free enterprise."

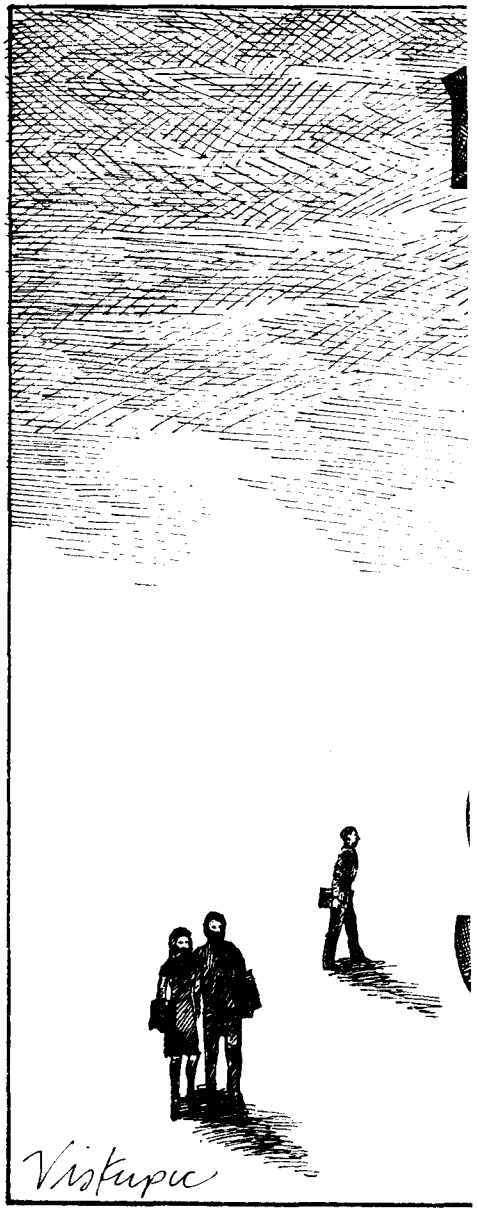
These sentiments are by no means rare. The corporate foot in the college door is increasingly accompanied by the refrain about academe's alleged anti-business orientation: Free enterprise, so the theme goes, is being routinely maligned in the nation's classrooms. And since everybody loves an underdog, it is not surprising that corporate-image builders are trying their best to portray free enterprise in America as Little Red Ridinghood about to be swallowed by some Big Bad Wolf—Big Labor, Bad Socialism, Big Bad Government, and now, worst of all, college economics teachers.

Unfortunately, there are a number of things wrong with such notions. They generally derive from the strange assumption that college economics courses fail to teach the basic facts about free enterprise—about the market economy, the law of supply and demand, the nature of competition, the workings of investments and the stock market, and so on. Any such assumption is patently absurd. If the American way of doing business has been so shamelessly ignored in our classrooms, what accounts for the armies of young college graduates who eagerly become part of the free-enterprise system each year? How to explain continued corporate profits and the not insubstantial capacity of American business to maintain its profitability by making its wishes and ideologies known to Congress? If the college-bred anti-business virus is really so devastating, how is one to explain the rise of ever more powerful corporate conglomerates and American-led multinationals?

One can't help suspecting that what worries the proponents of Capitalism 101, as the *Wall Street Journal* recently called these offerings, is not really a dearth of instruction about the free-enterprise system but rather the universities' skeptical approach to the subject. Unfortunately, the corporate mind too often fails to realize that free enterprise, like any economic scheme, often lacks in practice some of the purity it possesses in theory. A college professor would be betraying his professional trust if he failed to discuss the system's flaws and abuses. Is it anti-business to look into price-fixing and monopolies, or to examine the conflict between profits and the public interest in matters of environmental concern, or to consider workers' safety or consumers' health? (Responsible teaching should, to be sure, make it clear that many of the same issues arise under other economic or political systems, often without the considerable benefits proffered by free enterprise.)

THE PROBLEM with the concept of free-enterprise chairs—endowed by business and filled with appointments made directly by the donors or according to their guidelines—is that it is incompatible with university autonomy. It threatens to balkanize the campus. The donor of Ohio State's free-enterprise chair is quite right when he says that our universities teach about the Communist, socialist, and fascist systems. But in order to give communism a fair shake, should these universities encourage Leonid Brezhnev to endow an American college with a Communist chair and fill it with a reliable, retired member of the politburo? Should a Chilean general be flown in to expatiate on the sterling qualities of the junta's economic and political system?

Farfetched? Not really. According to a recent *New York Times* survey, universities are increasingly being tempted, at a time of growing budget deficits, to accept foreign endowments. But if universities are allowing corporations to endow free-enterprise chairs having



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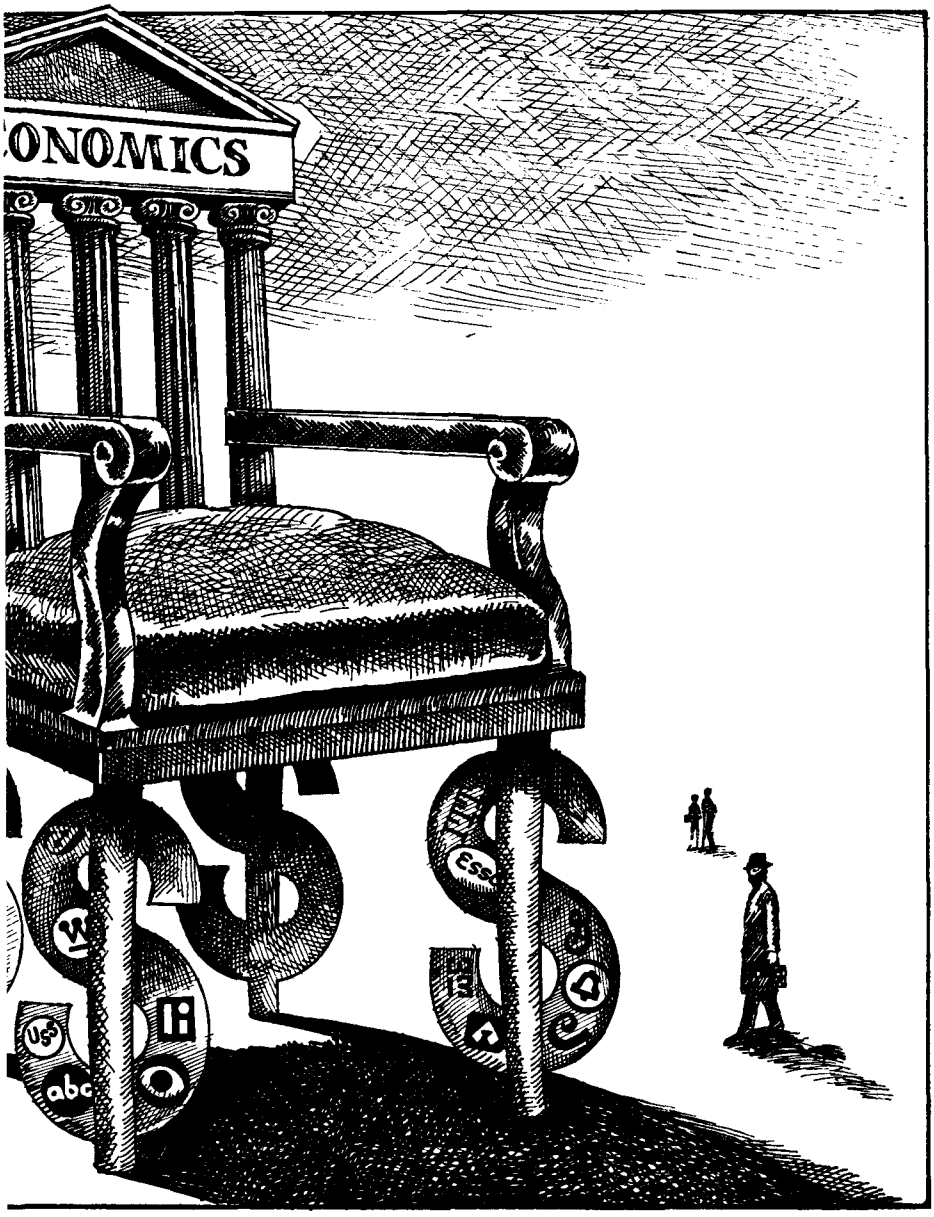
strong links to the donors' point of view, by what logic should a university be expected to reject sponsor-controlled Iranian or Saudi Arabian chairs paid for by oil producers—who, after all, have reason to view as anti-OPEC many of the economic analyses promulgated on our campuses?

Further, is the corporate direction and staffing of Capitalism 101 to be followed by Labor 102, a course endowed by the AFL-CIO and taught by retired union organizers appointed by George Meany? The possibilities of making the universities responsive to every special interest group—giving equal time to any lobby with the means to endow a chair—are unlimited.

Admittedly, higher education helped to bring this situation on itself by running scared in the 1960s, when radical students and their aging camp followers pressed for the hiring of more "relevant" teachers. In a few instances, this craven response led to instant academic anointment of such "scholars" as Eldridge Cleaver. But even in the case of those occasional aberrations, at least the universities made their own mistakes, without allowing outside forces to provide the funds to endow chairs in Revolution 101. (To the best of my knowledge, no such endowments were provided by the Black Panthers or the Chicago Seven.)

In contrast, the conservative business community is today trying hard to bring about an ideological alliance between campuses and corporations. That these pressures come at a time when academic deficits are growing makes the trend all the more disconcerting. When an institution's integrity is undermined by a dollar shortage, it becomes vulnerable to the lure of corporate endowment funds.

Gary Viskupic



And when the endowment lure is not working, why not try something a little more persuasive? In March 1976, William E. Simon, then the secretary of the treasury, told a meeting of the Public Relations Society of America: "I would advise that you counsel your bosses and your clients to take a close look at the teaching policies of those schools ... being considered for corporate gifts.... Otherwise the largesse of the free-enterprise system will continue to finance its own destruction."

More recently, in his book *A Time for Truth*, Simon has called for nothing less than a crusade to mobilize corporate wealth for the exclusive support of "pro business" scholars and academic institutions and to withhold funds from colleges and universities "whose departments of economics, government, politics, and history are hostile to capitalism and whose faculties will not hire scholars whose views are otherwise."

With the paranoia that seems to characterize the conservative business community's present view of the campuses, Simon sees America's major universities "churning out young collectivists by legions." One wonders how familiar the former secretary is with the major institutions whose students, far from being in the clutches of austere collectivism, seem obsessed with such nonradical concerns as getting into law, business, or medical schools, and are engaged in good old competition to beat out their peers.

But never mind the obvious pro-enterprise sentiment on our campuses. Is the capitalist system really so fragile as Simon seems to fear it is? Do its supporters really believe it can be saved from destruction only if conservatives infiltrate the colleges' economics departments? On the face of it, the proposition seems ludicrous. And yet, the underlying issue is deadly serious; for at issue is not just the matter of a few million dollars' being spent to finance a few business-propaganda chairs. The real question is: Who shall control the universities? Unless the universities retain their independence from even the most benevolent corporations—as well as independence from other benefactors—they will eventually find themselves being run by the host of conflicting, self-serving outside forces that in the past have destroyed universities in other countries. If this happens, the teaching of economic theory will be only one among many crucial academic areas—including political science, history, philosophy, and science itself—that end up for sale. ◉

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WASHINGTON

Dollar Dolors: Carter Bombs at Bonn

by Tad Szulc

If President Carter went to the July Bonn summit of heads of industrialized countries in order to instill world confidence in United States economic policies, then the most charitable thing that can be said about this effort is that he succeeded in misleading foreigners and Americans alike. The President's pledges on inflation and oil imports were instantly contradicted by American domestic reality, as well as by international reactions.

The joint Bonn declaration declared that "the President of the United States stated that reduced inflation is essential to maintaining a healthy United States economic policy," and that he listed anti-inflation measures being taken by his administration.

But within two weeks of Bonn, when the administration claimed that inflation in 1978 would not exceed 7.2 percent, the White House chief inflation-fighter, Robert Strauss, admitted that this was no longer attainable; he suggested that 9 percent would be a more likely figure.

Two days later, the Consumer Price Index showed that the cost of living for June had gone up 0.9 percent (the same as in April and May). If this rate is maintained—and Strauss himself recognized that it probably will be—inflation for this year will reach at least 10.8 percent, the feared "double-digit" territory.

Although Mr. Carter obviously cannot be personally blamed for what has already become runaway inflation by American standards, it remains incomprehensible how the administration could have made a *3.6 percent* error—nearly a 30 percent margin—over a three-week period. It was either trying to mislead its Bonn partners to produce a better summit declaration, a most short-sighted policy, or it was unable to understand domestic inflationary trends. It's hard to say which explanation is more hurtful to the President.

On oil, the Bonn declaration says that the United States will reduce its imports, and produce a comprehensive energy policy. The size of the American oil imports—nearly one-half of its consumption—has a destructive impact, not only on the United States balance of payments and on the value of the highly depreciated dollar: It is another built-in inflationary factor for the United States and the world at large.

But again, Mr. Carter made promises that he will be unable to keep. While the United States is now importing slightly less oil and the trade deficit is lower, the administration has not broken the back of the fuel problem. The ugly reality is that, without an import tax, which Congress is clearly unwilling to apply, oil imports would be reduced substantially only if the United States slid into a recession, with the concurrent drop in economic activity and demand. But this would be a terrible price to pay for American society to buy less petroleum. There is already plenty of recession talk, and the Carter administration clearly doesn't want to encourage it, especially since unemployment rose again in July.

Assurances of a "comprehensive policy framework" on energy by the year's end are equally delusory. Nobody on Capitol Hill seriously expects energy legislation before the November election, meaning there will be none until sometime in 1979—at best. Mr. Carter's continued inability to deal with Congress and the accumulation of vested interests in the energy situation—the wrangle over natural gas pricing stands as a case in point—are formidable obstacles in obtaining the kind of policy framework the President was promising in Bonn.

The inability of the United States to fulfill its Bonn commitment is certain to influence decision-making elsewhere in the world. West Germany and Japan, for example, have agreed—under tremendous American pressure—to take measures to stimulate their internal economies. Greater economic activity there would be beneficial to other Western countries as well as to the United States, from whom West Germany and Japan could buy more goods.

If the United States fails, however, to perform adequately on oil imports and inflation, Bonn and Tokyo may well conclude that they are no longer under the obligation to apply stimulative measures at home. The Germans have been fighting the American proposal all along because they feel that artificial stimulation would bring inflation; and now Mr. Carter may involuntarily give them an out.

Inevitably, the most realistic judgments are made in the marketplace and, in the wake of Bonn, these judgments have been catastrophic.

Prior to Bonn, for instance, the concern was that the value of the dollar might sink below the psychologically important barrier of 200 yen, which already represented a 25 percent loss in a year. But three weeks after the summit, the dollar was down to 185 and traders were talking of a further slump well below the 180 line, which is one half of the dollar value at the end of World War II. The dollar remained weak in Western Europe, while the price of gold soared again right after the summit, emphasizing the total lack of confidence in the dollar. At the start of August gold hit over $205 an ounce—nearly $25 above the level of a year ago, and the highest ever—and futures contracts for delivery reached $244 an ounce, another record price. This means that the world's money men are betting that the dollar will take an even worse beating in the coming year.

To complicate matters further, the oil-producing countries of the OPEC cartel have indicated that before long they may demand payments in a special "basket" of currency, instead of dollars. Such a basket would be made up of a mix of strong foreign currencies in addition to the dollar. Moreover, OPEC planned to raise the price of crude oil by 5 percent at the end of 1978—another inflationary surge.

As matters stand in autumn, the ball is squarely in Carter's court; he must—if he can—develop new policies to arrest international economic deterioration and remove the threat of rampant protectionism and trade wars. But thus far the Carter administration has not been able to get its domestic act together. It is entirely unclear who, if anyone, is in charge. There are disputes among Treasury Secretary W. Michael Blumenthal, Federal Reserve Chairman G. William Miller, Energy Secretary James R. Schlesinger, and anti-inflation czar Robert Strauss, covering a wide range of fiscal issues. The outlook is for more dissension and backbiting. The economic scene at home and overseas will tend to darken even more in 1979—and the West, including the United States, may have to face lower living standards unless Mr. Carter can find a way to stabilize the overall situation. ◉

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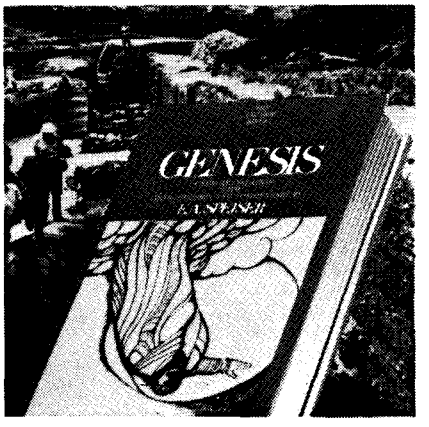

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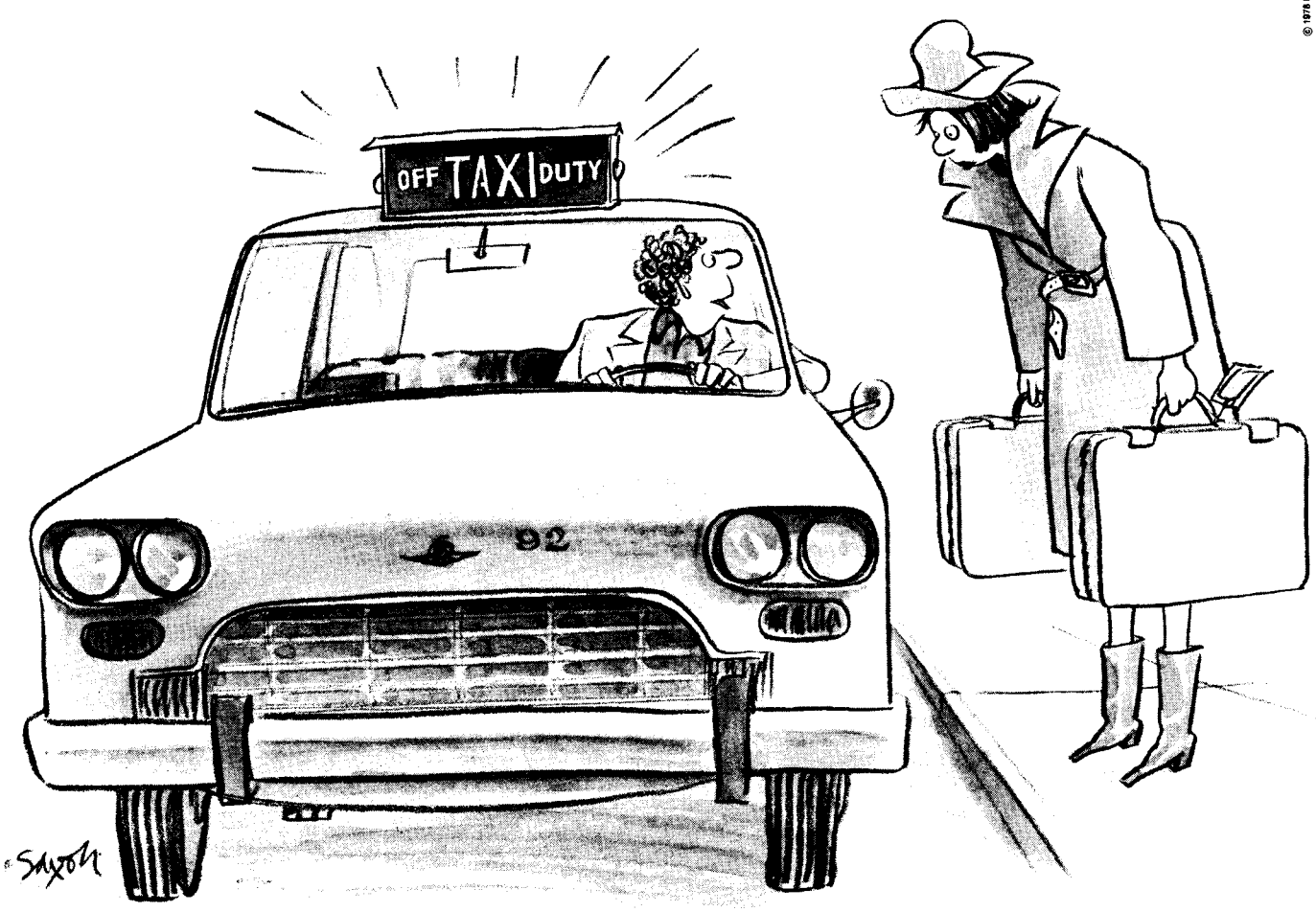

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Television's Trying Times

by Karl E. Meyer

AMERICAN TELEVISION'S time of trial is now upon us. In every section of the country, at every level in the courts, broadcasters have been brought before the bar, pitted against those who wish to punish and restrain a medium that has managed—for reasons good and bad—to provoke something close to a rebellion against programs that feature sex, violence, or anything "controversial."

As a consequence, it is happy hunting for lawyers. No charge against television seems too outlandish, given the medium's pervasive influence and special status as a federally licensed industry. A year ago, the networks were accused of turning a Florida youth into a murderer. After a Miami jury rejected the contention that Ronny Zamora, 15, was a victim of "involuntary television intoxication," his parents, at their lawyer's urging, promptly filed a $25 million damage suit against CBS-TV, NBC-TV, and ABC-TV charging that the networks were responsible for Zamora's conviction since he had been exposed to over 50,000 television murders.

Aggrieved plaintiffs have tried to strip television of the most basic First Amendment guarantees. For example, no doctrine is more sacrosanct than the prohibition of prior restraint, or prepublication censorship. Yet in a Los Angeles courtroom last June, an NBC lawyer was cited for contempt—and jailed for five hours—when he refused to allow a federal judge to preview a one-hour documentary drama called "Billion-Dollar Bubble." The program, based on an actual insurance swindle, was to be broadcast that evening; one of the convicted swindlers claimed that showing the fictionalized drama might hurt his chances for parole. On that tenuous basis, the court was being asked to enjoin the broadcast. Within hours, an appeals panel of three judges voided the contempt citation, freed the lawyer, and terminated the eccentric injunction proceedings.

Consider a second example, which is not so eccentric:

Arthur Buzz Hirsch, an independent film-maker, was ordered by a United States District Court in Oklahoma to produce all documents and tapes relating to a documentary that he was preparing. Hirsch had been investigating the untimely death of Karen Silkwood, an employee in a plutonium factory owned by the Kerr-McGee Corporation in Crescent, Oklahoma, and became concerned with the adequacy of the safety precautions in the nuclear plant—certainly a legitimate subject for inquiry.

Kerr-McGee, however, apparently felt otherwise. A subpoena was served on Hirsch by the company, and the producer was ordered to divulge his notes, correspondence, and other records pertaining to the Silkwood affair. Hirsch refused, invoking the First Amendment privilege that protects journalists from revealing their confidential sources. But the district court ruled that Hirsch was in fact a film-maker, and not a newsman.

Five months later, on September 23, 1977, the ruling was reversed in a landmark decision handed down by a three-judge panel of the United States Court of Appeals for the 10th Circuit. Was Hirsch a bona fide journalist? The appellate court held that he was: "It strikes us as somewhat anomalous that the appellee would argue that he [Hirsch] is not a genuine reporter... implying a lack of ability, while at the same time they [Kerr-McGee] are making a major legal effort to get hold of his material. They must believe that it has promise for them in this lawsuit; otherwise, they would not be engaging in an effort of some magnitude in order to obtain Hirsch's work product."

TELEVISION reporters, producers, and network lawyers were jubilant with the *Silkwood* v. *Kerr-McGee* decision. It marked the first occasion in which a federal court had expressly extended the constitutional protection of sources to television. But within months, broadcasters were back on the legal barricades, contending with two formidable cases—*FCC* v. *Pacifica Foundation* and *Olivia Niemi* v. *NBC and Chronical Publishing*—in which the same argument was posed: that there is substantially less freedom on the air than in a playhouse or movie theater.

At issue in the *Pacifica* case was a comparatively straightforward question: Does the Federal Communications Commission have the right to prohibit the use of "offensive" words on radio broadcasts? In a 5 to 4 decision, the United States Supreme Court ruled in July that the First Amendment notwithstanding, the FCC can indeed censure and punish counter-culture stations that dare to broadcast the "seven dirty words."

The *Niemi* case is in every way more complex, so much so that it has been in the courts for four years, and may remain so through 1979. What is nominally an $11 million negligence suit against the National Broadcasting Company is in reality an argument over the power of television to influence human behavior. A San Francisco jury was to decide whether a phantom rape on television produced a real-life assault, but the law suit was dismissed on August 8, when a superior court judge ruled that it was necessary to prove that NBC intended viewers to imitate the sexual attack portrayed

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on film. Once again, the case is on appeal and like arguments will continue.

Some facts are inarguable. On Tuesday, September 10, 1974, NBC broadcast a two-hour movie for television called *Born Innocent*, starring Linda Blair. Fully aware that the film might offend some viewers, the network inserted this advisory legend at the beginning:

"*Born Innocent* deals in a realistic and forthright manner with the confinement of juvenile offenders and its effect on their lives and personalities. We suggest you consider whether the program should be viewed by young people or others in your family who might be disturbed by it."

Blair—who was famous at the time for her role in *The Exorcist*—played a runaway adolescent who had been committed by her parents to a detention center. She was then "initiated" into the center's way of life by a gang-rape in a communal shower. What happened to Blair was accurately described in an *amicus curiae* brief filed on behalf of the plaintiff by the California Medical Association:

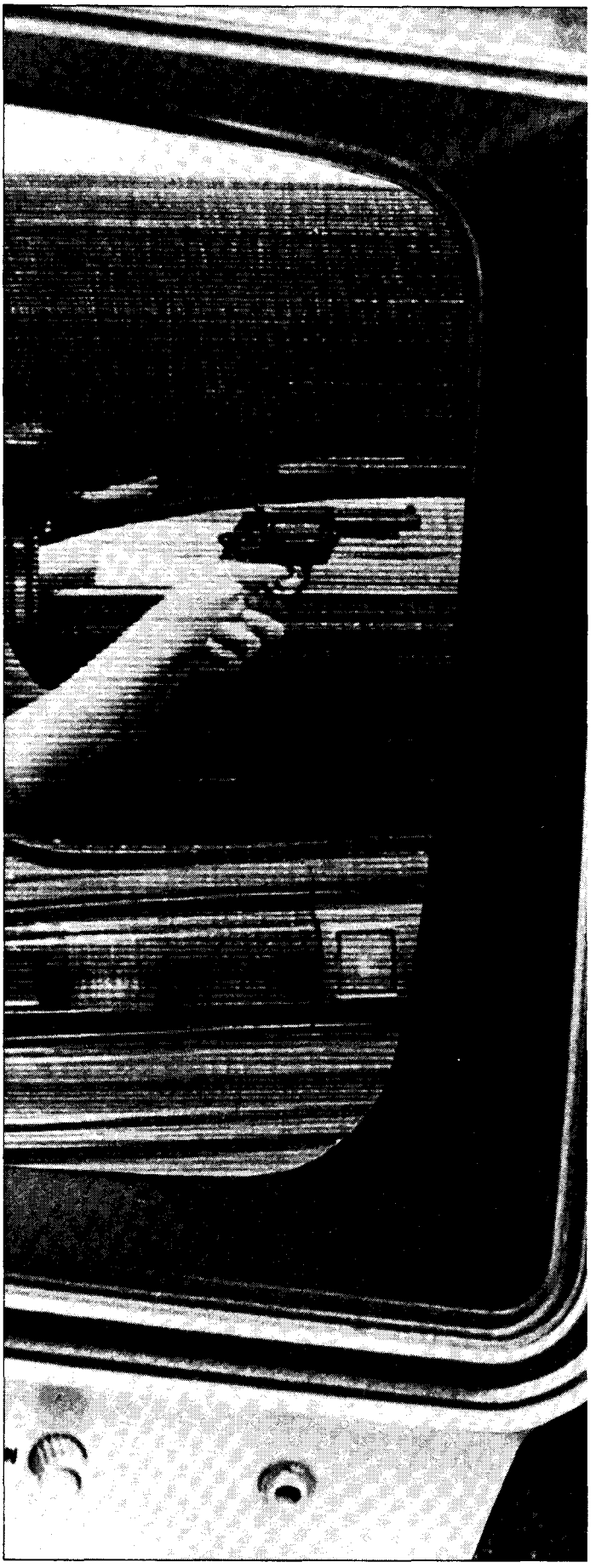
> Suddenly, the water stops and a look of fear comes onto her face. Four adolescent girls are standing across the shower room. One is carrying a plumber's helper, waving it subtly by her hips. The older girls tell Ms. Blair to get out of the shower. She steps out fearfully. Then the four girls violently attack the younger girl, wrestling her to the floor. She is shown naked from the waist up, struggling, as the older girls force her legs apart. Then, the girl with the plumber's helper is shown making intense thrusting motions with the handle of the plunger until one of the four says, "That's enough."

Immediately following the broadcast, hundreds of letters, most of them angry protests, flooded into NBC offices. To be sure, a minority of viewers, many of them professionals involved in the treatment of juvenile offenders, praised the show as a serious dramatization of a national problem. It should be noted, however, that in subsequent repeats, the rape scene in *Born Innocent* was abridged.

A second inarguable fact is that four days after the broadcast, a violent scuffle occurred on a beach near San Francisco, and before it was over, a nine-year-old girl had been sexually assaulted with a beer bottle. The victim, Olivia Niemi, was white; her four assailants, then 9, 12, 13, and 15 years old, were black. Scuffles with racial overtones had hardly been unknown at Baker's Beach. But the simulated rape of a young girl by other youngsters had few, if any, parallels in local criminal records.

Had the attackers been imitating the sexual assault in *Born Innocent*? Did they even see, or talk about, the NBC film? Here agreement on facts ceases. Olivia's mother, Valeria Pope Niemi, a divorcee and a committed feminist, thought that there was sufficient evidence that television had influenced the four youngsters, so she employed a lawyer to bring suit against the National Broadcasting Company.

Mrs. Niemi's choice of a lawyer—70-year-old Marvin Lewis, a rumpled Bay Area reincarnation of Clarence Darrow—was bad news for NBC. Lewis has become a legend for his artistry in persuading juries to award large sums in esoteric cases; in one memorable lawsuit, he obtained $50,000 in damages for a woman who maintained that a cable car mishap had changed her into a nymphomaniac. Lewis's specialty is negligence law and, as he sees it, the *Born Innocent* broadcast was a classic case of wanton negligence: "There's a difference between negligence and simply making a mistake. Negligence involves a reckless disregard for the rights of others. If, for example, I drive at 90 miles an hour down the wrong side of the road, and an accident results, my behavior is grossly negligent, and I should be made to pay punitive damages."



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Larry Williams

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Van Deerlin's Blockbuster: Reform or Giveaway?

What is likely to be the loudest, longest, and angriest battle over broadcasting will take place not in the courts but in Congress, which is now weighing H.R. 13015, the Communications Act of 1978. If adopted, this omnibus bill would liberate broadcasters from a tangled skein of existing regulations, and impose, for the first time, a realistic license fee on commercial users of the public airwaves.

Called a "deregulator's dream" by *Broadcasting* magazine, the legislation was drafted by the House Communications Subcommittee, headed by a reflective California Democrat, Lionel Van Deerlin.

Van Deerlin, 64, himself a former reporter and onetime news director of San Diego stations KOGO and XETV, has actually delivered what he promised—a sweeping revision of the obsolescent 1934 Federal Communications Act.

The "Van Deerlin rewrite" (to use trade parlance) was 20 months in the making and takes into account the views of hundreds of witnesses—both private citizens and industry representatives—most of whom urged fundamental changes in the 1934 act, and many of whom are now distressed by the synthesis of trade-offs in the draft bill. Among its provisions, the bill would:

- Abolish the existing seven-member Federal Communications Commission and replace it with a five-member Communications Regulatory Commission whose governing powers would be curtailed.
- Establish a license fee for all commercial users of the air, ranging from radio and television stations to taxi-dispatch systems. Fees would be set by the new CRC and phased in over a 10-year period (total annual revenues at the end of that decade are estimated at $700 to $800 million).
- Distribute fee revenues to public broadcasting and to new funds set up to encourage minority ownership of stations and the expansion of services to rural areas. All expenses of the CRC would likewise be covered by the license fees.
- Virtually deregulate radio broadcasting by eliminating renewal requirements for licenses and dropping equal-time and fairness doctrine restrictions.
- Extend all television license terms from three to five years during the decade after the new law takes effect; thereafter, television licenses would become indefinite.
- Confine television's equal-time requirements to candidates for local office, on the theory that there is a sufficient diversity of national and statewide communications sources to cancel out any unfairness on a single TV outlet. The always-vague fairness doctrine would be replaced by a new formula requiring equitable treatment in matters of controversy.

Initially, Van Deerlin appears to have thrown all the broadcast spokesmen badly off balance. The industry trade group, the National Association of Broadcasters, is affronted by the license fee and is wary of other reforms. For his part, the Rev. Everett C. Parker, director of the United Church of Christ Office of Communications, terms the rewrite "a bigger giveaway of public rights and property than Teapot Dome."

Proponents of the rewrite, naturally, see it otherwise. The concept of stewardship for TV, they insist, is preserved in the revision, even though television licenses would be for an indefinite term. Gross abuse of that stewardship would be open to citizen challenge at any time. The benefits of reducing the role of government in an increasingly diverse broadcast industry far outweigh the losses involved in giving up a cumbersome and never very effective regulatory apparatus.

To back up this point, proponents note that never in all its history has the FCC ever denied the renewal of a single broadcast license on grounds of a station's public service performance—or lack of it. In 99 percent of all cases, renewals have been automatic, and the FCC has been less a watchdog than a captive of the broadcast industry.

It is fair to say that much of the opposition to the Van Deerlin rewrite springs from the discomfort of learning new rules. Lawyers in particular are used to the 1934 act, and they know by now how to accommodate its various intricate provisions—even an unchallenged license renewal requires up to $90,000 in legal fees. In effect, Van Deerlin is asking us to accept the reality of American communications—it is a business, controlled by market factors, and the old FCC system was but a token fig leaf on a naked emperor. K.M.

Lewis argues that NBC was in effect speeding recklessly on a one-way street. In broadcasting the rape scene in *Born Innocent*, he maintains, it ignored its own production codes and the industry codes set by the National Association of Broadcasters, both of which proscribe graphic depictions of violence. In addition, NBC ignored hundreds of studies showing the effect of television violence on youthful viewers—especially when those depicted on film are peer models, not adults. Lewis notes that *Born Innocent* was insistently promoted with teasers, and that it was shown at 8 PM, a time when youngsters were bound to be watching. Lewis cites this quotation from a speech given on October 23, 1974, by Charles Duffey, president of ABC: "The race for audience ratings too often blinds us to our basic responsibilities.... Yes, a program like *Born Innocent* should be shown. But no, it should not be shown at such an early hour when children more often than not control the dial."

When Mrs. Niemi initially filed suit, NBC rejoined by opposing a jury trial of the negligence charge. At one point, in what must be regarded as an excess of zeal, NBC contended that Mrs. Niemi was unfit to hold parental custody because she was exposing her daughter to adverse publicity.

As Mrs. Niemi persisted in her refusal to consider any settlement and as adverse briefs (including that of the California Medical Association) began to accumulate, NBC turned to a New York attorney, Floyd Abrams, who many colleagues consider to be the country's foremost authority on the First Amendment. Abrams has in the past decade successfully opposed every variety of gag order on the press, most notably in the Pentagon papers case.

WHAT LEWIS sees as a simple negligence case, Abrams views as a fundamental argument over First Amendment safeguards for free expression. If *Niemi* establishes a precedent for broadcaster liability for any crime that can be remotely linked with a

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dramatic production—as the soft-spoken Abrams argues—then the way is open for a flood of lawsuits, of which the $25 million dollar Zamora claim is simply a foretaste.

An *amicus curiae* brief supporting NBC and prepared for the Writers Guild of America West, Inc., a screenwriters' union, puts the matter forthrightly:

> This is *not* a case where the writer or publisher has uttered false facts, libeled, or invaded the privacy of a plaintiff, or advocated immediate or even remote action. The question presented, in the guild's view, is whether the writer or producer can be exposed to civil liability because, allegedly, a viewer of the drama is inspired thereby to commit a crime.
>
> We believe there can be only one answer: In a free society writers and all others in the creative process—including actors, directors, producers, and their employers—cannot have any threat or worry of such liability. Otherwise, the First Amendment and society's right to the creativity of its members and to the reception of literary and artistic works would be crippled.

However eloquent, such lofty language cuts little ice with Marvin Lewis. As he remarks, "They all talk about the 'chilling' effect a favorable verdict in *Niemi* would have on creators. I prefer to talk about the 'heating' effect that *Born Innocent* had on kids. Yes, it's true, there might be a flood of lawsuits against television—but it was because there was such a flood of lawsuits against automobile companies that we now have seat belts in our cars."

Nevertheless, lawsuits or the threat of them do have a chilling effect on creative expression, and can be used to restrict free speech. Faced with the probability of litigation, network programmers can be counted on to devise entertainment so devoid of ideas or controversy that by comparison *I Love Lucy* would seem risqué. Many writers and producers would concede that NBC erred egregiously in its presentation of *Born Innocent*, but at the same time they fear—with reason—that emotions aroused by the case may disastrously retard the very kind of quality programming that protesting viewers insist that they want.

The writer's dilemma concerning violence on television was perceptively described by Frank Price, president of Universal TV: "Somehow it's a battle that is difficult to get stirred up about. Who, after all, is likely to proclaim himself proviolence? The groups that would normally resist pressure tactics leading to censorship are silent on this one. Does the ACLU want to join on the side of violence?"

Few television creators would deny that the medium poses unique problems because of its "pervasiveness," the telltale word used by the Supreme Court majority in the *Pacifica* case to distinguish broadcasting from print. Recently, precisely this point was being discussed among four veteran television writers in Hollywood. David Rintels, a former president of the Writers Guild of America West, spoke for his colleagues: "I believe that 99 percent of the writers I know would agree that they should not have total, unqualified freedom to put what they want on television, and most of them would feel that writers for television should not have the final say on what appears on the screen."

Who should have the final say? The networks and sponsors, whose paramount concerns are ratings and profits? Government regulators? Citizen groups employing boycott threats? It may well be true, in the words of Fred W. Friendly, a pioneer newscaster, that "the most serious threat to television and its claim to First Amendment freedoms is not the FCC or the Supreme Court or an imperial Presidency, but the runaway television rating process." ◉

If I Were Fred Silverman

The ratings game this fall will be played out, as usual, between CBS, NBC, and ABC. You can expect the usual mix of sit coms, cop shows, medical stories, and soaps. The big question is what will programming wiz Fred Silverman do? What will he put on NBC to try and capture the broadest audience and pull his network out in front? Time will tell. In the meantime, we've asked a number of noted media watchers to comment on what they would broadcast if they were Fred Silverman:

The one innovation I would recommend is that some time—not necessarily prime time—be reserved for the concerns of intellectuals. As it is, intellectuals are television's only despised and ignored minority. Despised they may remain, but not ignored; otherwise, they will ignore us right back. Which most of us are doing now.

John Simon
Theater and film critic

I'd like to see life as we live it on television. How refreshing that would be! Non-celebrated people telling us their lives, their hopes, their fears—the real world as real people see it. It would be revolutionary.

Studs Terkel
Author of *Working*

Perhaps television could be rehabilitated if program directors would: schedule more informational programs in prime-viewing hours; televise some inspirational programs in the evenings; seek out comedy that is pure humor rather than some producer's personal treatise on politics, sociology, or sex; dramatize the story of the achiever and return the hero to our young people; popularize and present the great classics; include one classical performance in every variety show.

Rev. Morton A. Hill, S.J.
National President
Morality in Media, Inc.

If I were Fred Silverman, I would stop all commercials during sporting contests and instead have a line that said sponsored by so-and-so. If I have to go through the pain of watching sporting events interspersed with lengthy commercials at times when the events are interesting, I am going to work my head off to get cable TV as fast as we can.

Barry Goldwater
Senator (R.- Ariz.)

We at PBS should say to our viewers: We do not suggest that you spend all your free time, or even most of it, with public television. We suggest that some of your free hours be spent reading a book, working in a political campaign, or just sitting in quiet contemplation. There is more to life than TV.

Newton N. Minnow
Chairman
Public Broadcasting System

I would institute at least one ongoing traditional comedy program—not a situation comedy—starring our leading comedians on a rotating basis. I would like to see on such a program Sid Caesar, Mel Brooks, Richard Pryor, Lily Tomlin, Chevy Chase, Jonathan Winters, and even—come to think of it—your obedient servant appearing with our old gang, Louie Nye, Don Knotts, Tom Poston, et al.... I would call a press conference on my first day as Fred Silverman and announce my intention to plunge my network into third place and keep it there—by broadcasting high-quality fare—despite all temptations to the contrary.

Steve Allen
Comedian and composer

I have neither the time nor the inclination to watch television 12 hours a day. I want a few programs that I can watch, say, an average of one hour's worth each evening, but I want them there at a known time on a known day.

Isaac Asimov
Author of 199 books

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ISSUES

Television vs. Progress

by Les Brown

TELEVISION IS being reinvented. In the next decade, the modern den will be pressed for floor- and shelf-space by the proliferation of communications technology. The television set itself—whether the conventional picture-tube box or the new, curved projection screen—will remain the focal piece of furniture, but it will no longer dictate the viewing agenda. Instead, the set will be the receiving unit for a range of components, converters, and special antennas by which the new entertainment-cum-information media may take the place of the neighborhood movie house, the home computer, the penny arcade, or the Sears Roebuck catalog. The television set may also serve as an electronic extension of the opera house, the football stadium, the town meeting, or the hospital emergency room.

The explosion of hardware promises to bring about a cultural revolution, since people will be learning to use television in new ways. For one thing, instead of giving themselves over to pot-luck evenings before the set, viewers in the 1980s will have the ability to program an evening of their own choosing and sooner or later will get used to the idea of paying for some of the fare. Ushering in the brave new world are such developments as these:

- Two-way cable television, allowing the viewer to respond to and interact with the television broadcast by sending digital signals to the transmission center on a return wire.
- Fiber optics, a light wave that can increase the number of channels on a television set a hundredfold.
- Satellite transmission, making the national and regional distribution of programs available to film studios, syndicators, advertisers, and other entrepreneurs, thus breaking the networks' control over the mass market.
- Home video recorders, which the consumer may use to tape up to four hours of programs off the air and then watch at his or her discretion, or which can play prerecorded tapes purchased in a store.
- Video disc players, the video counterpart of the phonograph, whose program material comes on 12-inch metalized records.
- Portable video cameras for home-made productions.
- Electronic data transmission, giving viewers the ability to call up on the screen a wide range of printed material, such as news reports, market information, or reference matter from an information bank.
- Pay television, delivered either over the air on specially licensed stations or on cable-television systems.

PERHAPS as early as the Orwellian year of 1984, millions of households will be hooked up to a form of two-way cable TV linked to a system of computers, as thousands of households already are in the test market of Columbus, Ohio, where the remarkable innovation known as Qube is having its tryout. The key component in Qube is a lap-sized push-button console that gives the viewer access to 30 channels: 10 for conventional, over-the-air stations; 10 for specialized "stations" provided by the system, dedicated variously to culture, sports, news, educational children's programming, religion, community affairs; and 10 channels for pay.

On any day, the offerings may range from a current movie at $1.50 to a session of a speed-reading course for $2. One pay channel is optional and may be blacked out in homes that don't want it. It offers pornographic movies at $3.50 each; reportedly, it's one of the system's big sellers.

The most outstanding feature found in Qube is its response feedback mechanism, which in effect enables the viewer to "talk back" to television. During a televised interview with a local Columbus official one day, the program host asked the home audience if they believed what the official was saying. Viewers were instructed to press the top of the five buttons on the console to answer yes and the second one to answer no. The vote was an overwhelming nay, and the embarrassed subject had to strain for credibility as the interview resumed.

The same row of response buttons allows the viewer to buy products directly from television. A chain of bookstores can use a commercial break to discuss several new books, and then proceed to take orders: The top button buys the first book, the next button the second, and so on. The computer, sweeping each of the Qube households every six seconds, records the purchases. It can also count the votes in a poll, giving the result in less than a minute, and it can handle the billing when viewers purchase movies or sports events for their home screens.

With such amazing things already happening, it is easy to get carried away by where television might be going in the next decade. But everything depends on consumer acceptance of the spectacular new equipment and the development of appropriate software to go with the hardware. For all of its astonishing features, Qube has not been a runaway hit in Columbus (less than 15 percent of the people in the area have subscribed), and Warner Communications, which developed Qube and has invested $20 million in the project, does not expect to know for at least a year whether Qube will be a business worth pursuing.

WHETHER QUBE makes it or not, it is clear that conventional commercial television will face a competitive challenge in the Eighties like the one it posed to the established mass media 30 years ago.

The kind of television we have today emanating from CBS, NBC, and ABC—and some 700 commercial television stations—may find itself bending out of shape in the survival struggle and evolving into something different.

Broadcast officials like Gene F. Jankowski, president of the CBS Broadcast Group, rightly point out that none of the new home media have proven themselves yet and that the ones that fail to become profitable businesses will fall into the technological backwash—as did the Picturephone, facsimile, and 3-D movies. Jankowski reasons that millions of American households are devoted to what broadcasters like to call "free television," and they may be more satisfied with it than some suppose and reluctant to give it up for any pie-in-the-sky services that charge fees.

The skepticism voiced by the networks is understandable, since they have to guard the value of their stock today. The

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Hurry up. And wait.

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Inglenook, we spend the morning walking through eighteen acres of twenty-two year old Cabernet Sauvignon vines. We have no reason for being there. Chalk it up to parenthood.

July warms up to August. The grapes draw in the heat and answer with their first hint of color. One day a morning fog stays for lunch and the winemaster smiles. Coolness brings acidity to the grapes. Acidity promises complexity. And complexity is the soul of wine.

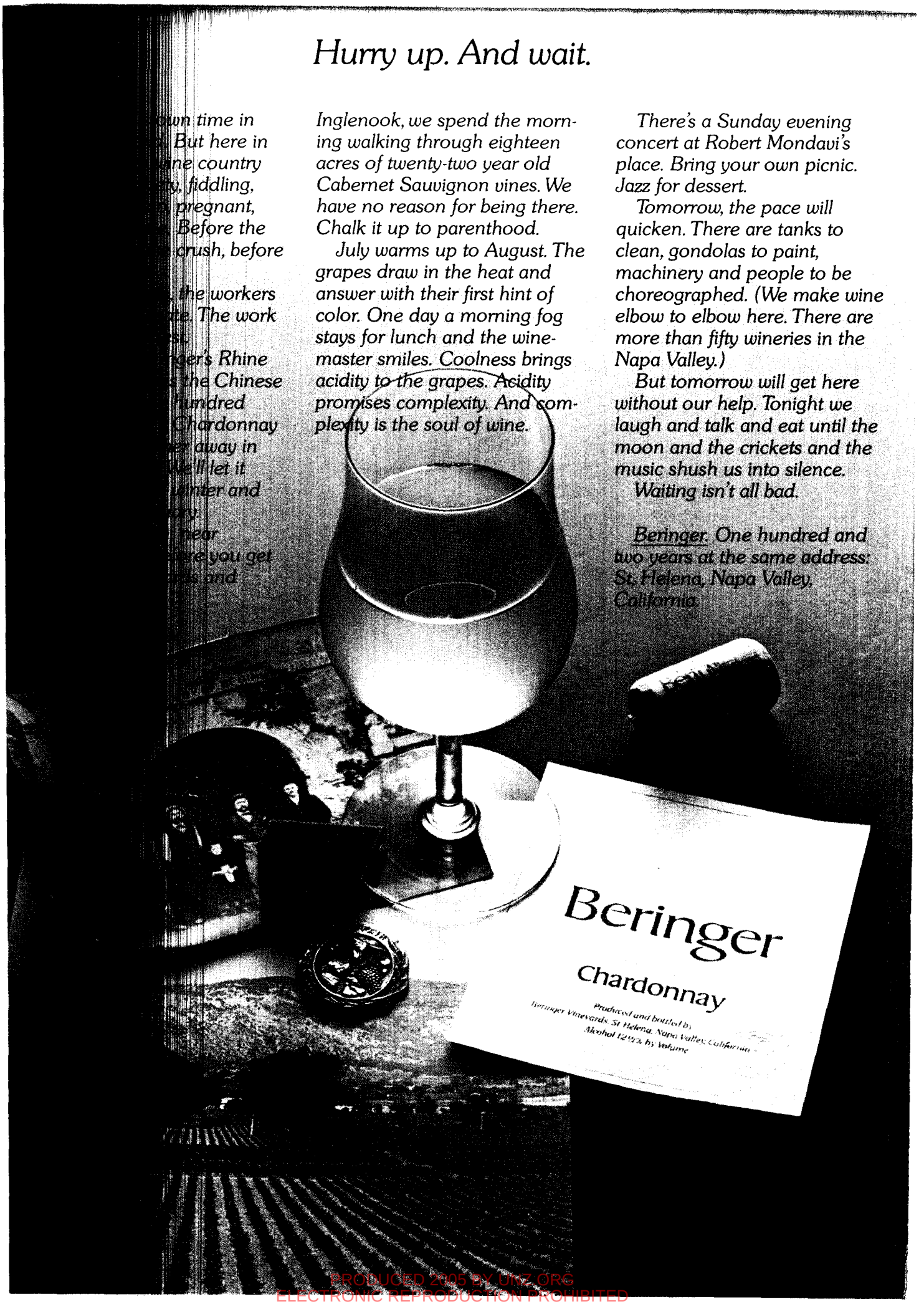
There's a Sunday evening concert at Robert Mondavi's place. Bring your own picnic. Jazz for dessert.

Tomorrow, the pace will quicken. There are tanks to clean, gondolas to paint, machinery and people to be choreographed. (We make wine elbow to elbow here. There are more than fifty wineries in the Napa Valley.)

But tomorrow will get here without our help. Tonight we laugh and talk and eat until the moon and the crickets and the music shush us into silence.

Waiting isn't all bad.

Beringer. One hundred and two years at the same address: St. Helena, Napa Valley, California.



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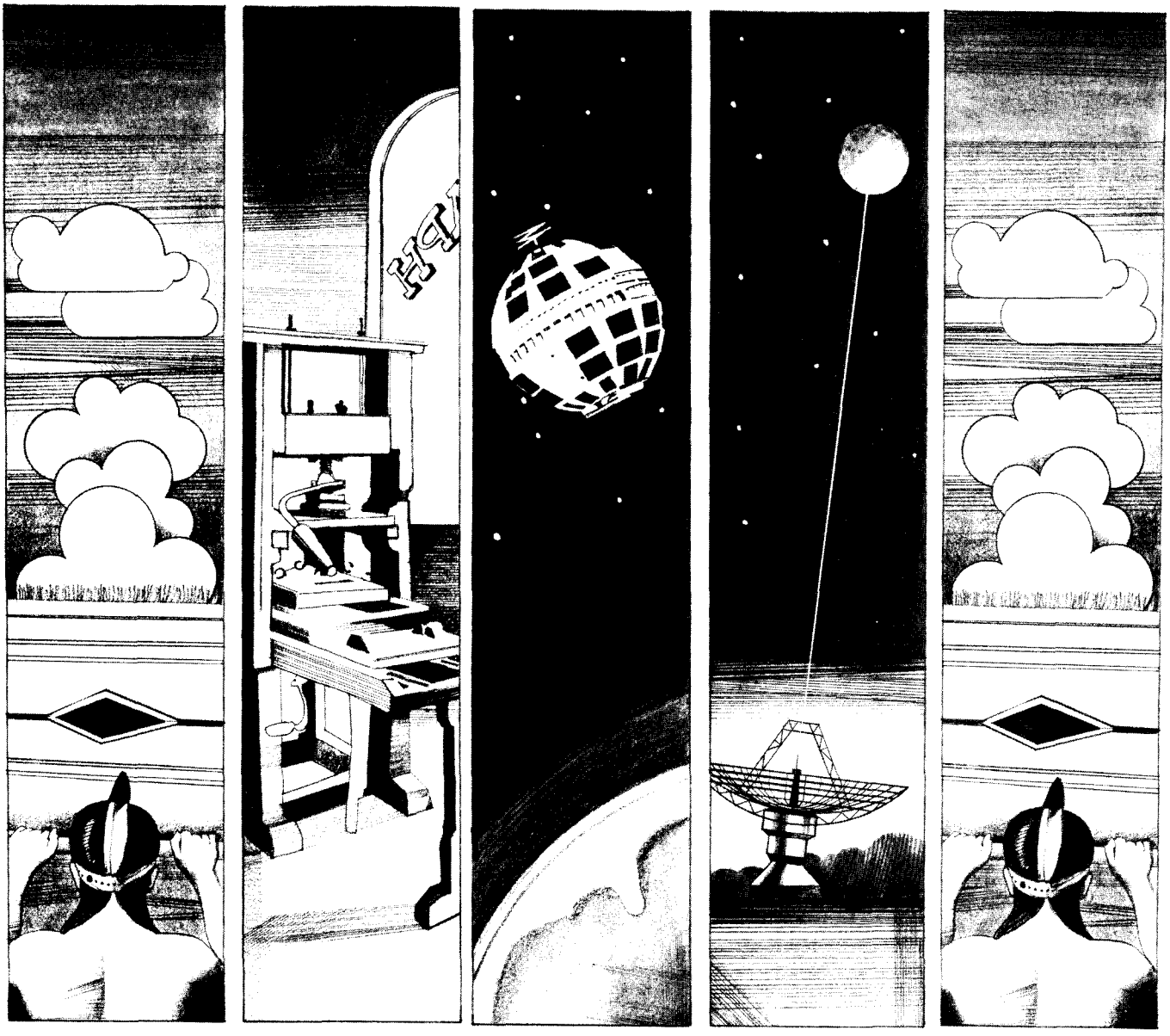

We can't afford to run out of ideas.

How many ideas do you suppose it took to develop human communications from smoke signals that covered a few miles to satellites and laser beams that reach from here to the moon? Most of those ideas came from college-trained minds and college-based laboratories. Now these vital sources of ideas are threatened—by shortages of money that are forcing colleges to curtail programs, reduce faculty, limit laboratory work, cut down on book purchases for libraries. We must not let this deterioration continue. We can't afford to run out of ideas. Or we may all be back to smoke signals again before we realize it.

Make America smarter. Give to the college of your choice.

Council for Financial Aid to Education, Inc.
680 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10019

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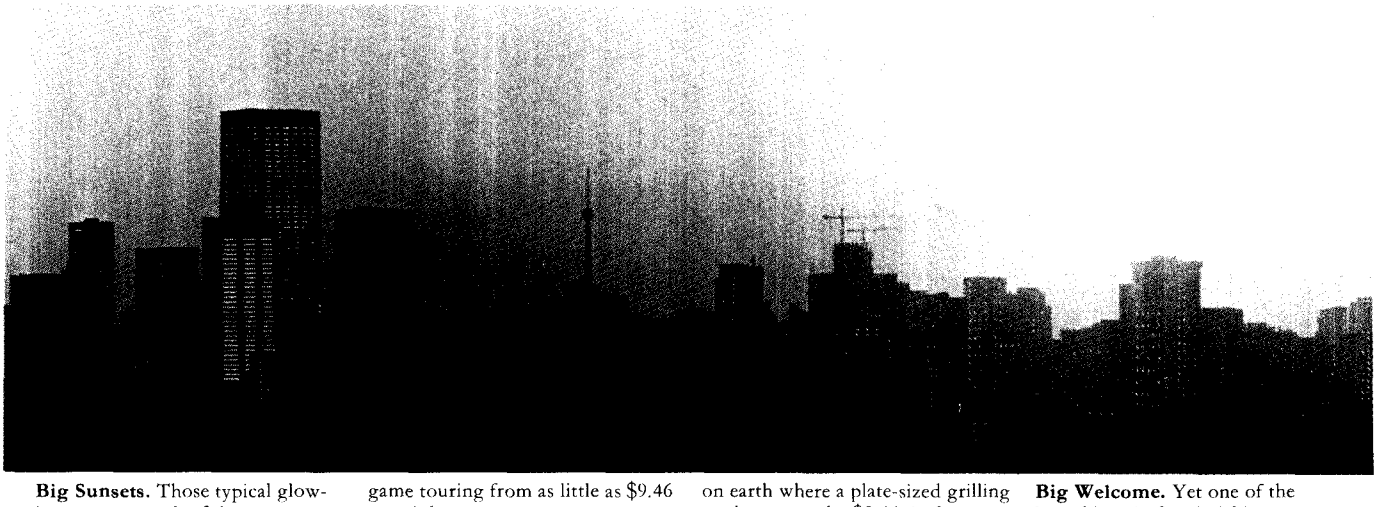
Big settings Big time. Big



Big Sunsets. Those typical glowing sunsets south of the equator are as big as the scenes they colour. For anyone who has visited South Africa there is the memory of evening after evening of glorious sunsets.

Big Variety. For every evening, great reddened settings of mountains, river valleys, umbrella-treed game reserves and surf-washed coastlines in contrast with modern city skylines. Every day brings its new, exciting attractions.

Big Value. With such an incredible variety of things to see and do, there is one other great attraction – the low cost. Exciting game touring from as little as $9.46 per night.
Hotels with all the comforts from $8.60 per night to $20.64 and upwards for 5-star status.
Discover that there is still a place on earth where a plate-sized grilling steak costs under $3.44, in fact, where even the cost of travel, entertainment or almost anything one can buy in a shop just hasn't caught up with the rest of the world.

Big Welcome. Yet one of the best things in South Africa is free – the traditional warm hospitality.
Ask the many who come.

satour

South African Tourist Corporation
New York: Rockefeller Center, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York 10020.
Los Angeles: Suite 721, 9465 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills, California 90212. **Toronto:** Suite 1001, 20 Eglinton Avenue West, Toronto M4R 1K8.
Also at: **Chicago, London, Frankfurt, Amsterdam, Paris, Milan, Zürich, Sydney, Salisbury, Tokyo, Buenos Aires and Pretoria.**
LAOF

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Address_____

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A world tour in one country.

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game, for the moment, is being played in words. But whatever the marketplace fate of the new home instruments in the next 10 years, two general developments are inevitable: the number of channels a set is capable of receiving will expand, and dozens of new and relatively low-cost routes for program distribution via the satellites will be opened.

The satellites are successfully meeting the test in the marketplace. Two separate commercial systems, Western Union's Westar and RCA's Satcom, each with two satellites aloft, have been experiencing a boom in traffic. The Public Broadcasting Service, National Public Radio, the Mutual Broadcasting System, the Christian Broadcasting Network, and several cable networks—Home Box Office, Showtime, and the Madison Square Garden Television—are among a score of enterprises that are either already distributing their programs by satellite or soon will be.

If the major TV networks, and the viewers, have not yet felt the full impact of Westar and Satcom it is because the satellite-receiving antennas—known as earth stations—have not yet been installed in significant numbers around the country. But with prices dropping for the new, compact 6-meter receiving dishes, every television station will soon have one. Once that happens, the stations will have severed their umbilical cords to the networks.

TO UNDERSTAND how television stations will be liberated by the satellite, it is necessary to know how the present network distribution system works.

Present technology—network distribution by telephone land lines—has been likened to a highway running straight across the country, with a clover-leaf ramp for each affiliated station. The great expense in televising programs coast to coast is not in sending signals across the country but in delivering them off the main highway. The telephone lines or microwave links that accomplish that are known as "local loops." The loops are controlled by the networks, which pay $2,500 monthly for each one in their system. Each loop carries only one program at a time, usually the program fed out by the network. Thus, when the receiving station does not want to air a particular show its option is to use a local program or a syndicated program, both of which involve an investment of money. For reasons of economy, the network "feed" is invariably preferred.

In satellite communications, the loop is replaced by the earth station. The receiving antenna is owned by the broadcaster and can bring into the station several satellite transmissions at once, from which the broadcaster can select the program to be aired. One signal might be the network's show, but three or four of the other transmissions from varied sources could also vie for the air time.

Left to make such independent decisions, the local broadcaster is likely to be guided by his incessant quest for larger profits. The part-time networks that now exist—those that brought to television adaptations of John Jakes's *The Bastard* and Irwin Shaw's *Evening in Byzantium*, and last year's David Frost interviews with Richard M. Nixon—succeed in enlisting network affiliates for their occasional ventures because they offer more in station compensation than the networks pay. In the satellite era, whoever makes the best deal for any given night would have the best chance of getting on the air.

AS FOR THE expansion of television channels—the second great threat to the existing television system—it may come about in one of several ways. There are three main avenues to additional TV channels: satellites, which can beam directly into homes equipped with special inexpensive antennas; the TI Tuner, which expands the present television spectrum; and cable television.

Satellite-to-home transmission, which implies a number of new national program services, is a long shot because of the politics involved. Local stations threatened by the competition will importune their congressmen to preserve the localism on which the present television system is built.

But the TI Tuner is another matter, since it makes possible scores of new local television stations on both the VHF and UHF bands and is one answer to making television frequencies available to ethnic minorities who have scant representation in a medium ruled by white middle-class males.

The tuner, developed by Texas Instruments on funding from the Federal Communications Commission, stretches the engineering criteria that govern how many television stations may be on the air. When the FCC drew up its table of assignments for television frequencies in 1952, it spaced the channels carefully to avoid signal collisions. The tuner demonstrates that the table of assignments still in use is based on outdated technology.

To protect their interests, broadcasters will undoubtedly lobby against the TI Tuner. But they will still have to contend with cable television. Cable is now in 17 percent of the country's television households and—fueled by the consumer demand for pay cable services, especially sporting events and current movies—is spreading rapidly into the suburbia.

Present advanced cable systems carry 30 to 36 channels and are being built with the capability of adopting the two-way mode if and when it should become economically feasible. Eventually, for greater economy and better efficiency, cable systems will replace the copper coaxial cable they are now using with hair-thin glass fibers. This involves a conversion from electronics to the lightwave technology of fiber optics, which uses laser beams as the light sources. Homes "wired" with these fibers could now receive almost 150 channels and eventually as many as 1,000 or more.

THE NEW MEDIA are mighty attractive, but there are no guarantees that they will keep their promises to serve educational, cultural, minority, and other specialized interests, and no one can really predict what the social consequences of these electronic marvels will be.

A computer checking out television households every six seconds, and recording how people vote in polls or whether or not they are watching a dirty movie, invades privacy. The "Big Brother" prophesied by George Orwell to arrive in 1984 appears to be on schedule. If that is unsettling to some policymakers, so also is the fact that the companies operating systems like Qube will have extraordinary media power in their communities, for although the viewer will have the ability to answer back to the TV screen, the cable company controls the questions.

Then there are those who are worried about pornography entering the homes, even by invitation, through video discs, video cassettes, and Qube. Others anticipate shock waves across the land when the free and open forms of television give First Amendment access to neo-Nazis, communists, bigots, atheists, and extremists of every sort.

It is just possible that many enthusiasts for the new television may find themselves, 10 years from now, longing for the good old days of simple-minded networks putting on simple-minded shows for no purpose other than exploiting the captive television market. ◉

Les Brown covers the broadcast media for The New York Times *and is the author of* The New York Times Encyclopedia of Television.

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ISSUES

Guardians of the Airwaves

by Susan Schiefelbein

HALF THE AMERICAN people spend their evenings in much the same way. They pass the time with Fonzie and Kojak and Police Woman. They witness earthquakes and murders and rapes, watch pointless affairs and insensitive seductions. Many of them hardly flinch at the sex and unspeakable acts of violence they see; they just sit limply on their divans, eyes fixed vacantly on a flickering television screen.

But not all of them. Day by day, thousands more Americans are watching TV attentively, even angrily. In protest of what many consider to be misuse of airwaves that rightfully belong to them, television viewers are writing to congressmen, government agencies, sponsors, and lobby groups. They are monitoring TV for offensive shows. They are walking picket lines. They are sick of commercials for food that rots the teeth, sick of programming that rots the mind. And they aim to do something about it.

Protest of TV's junk-food fare is, indeed, erupting across the nation. The number of complaints sent to the Federal Communications Commission about obscenity, indecency, and profanity on the airwaves has jumped from 6,143 to 20,146 in just one year. Media reform groups—most with membership rolls that number in the thousands—are springing up everywhere.

Although Congress registered its uneasiness over TV programming as early as 1954—the year Estes Kefauver focused on television violence—the first citizens' groups did not begin to materialize until more than a decade later. The United Church of Christ was the first church to confront the problem. It initiated a number of landmark legal cases in the Sixties. One of them—a petition to deny the license of a Jackson, Mississippi, TV station—established the right of the public to participate in license proceedings.

Today, the United Church of Christ actively recruits help from block associations, mayors' offices, the NAACP, and other groups to work for better communications practices. The church also runs a series of workshops called "Check Your Local Station," a course in citizens' broadcast rights.

Another religious reformer wastes little time with such discreet invitations to voice concern. Reverend Donald Wildmon, a United Methodist minister from Tupelo, Mississippi, has single-handedly organized some 10,000 people (4,000 of whom have paid a $10 membership fee) in a "constructive program to get trash off television." His organization, the National Federation for Decency, was prompted by a Christmas night of programming that, to his tastes, was absolutely rotten. "One show had an offensive sex scene. Switched the channel and I got profanity. Two of the seven stations had torture. I decided I wasn't going to take it anymore."

Some newspaper television critics have argued that Wildmon's standards are not so lofty as they are unreasonably rigid. "All in the Family," for example, was chosen recently for the coveted Humanitas award, given by the Human Family Institute through a grant by Lilly Endowment, Inc. The prize is bestowed on TV writers who have, as a spokesman put it, portrayed man in "the image of God." Wildmon, however, finds the show objectionable.

To combat "All in the Family" and other programs of which he disapproves, Wildmon uses powerful artillery. Turning off an offensive show is not enough, he says. "That would be like going down the street, seeing a rape, and turning your head." Nor is letter writing sufficient: "If you have a complaint about networks, talk to the wall. It will do as much good." Wildmon's weapon is boycotting sponsors of programs he finds offensive and irresponsible—shows like "Charlie's Angels" and "Three's Company." He staged a mass picketing of the Ford Motor Company last July. Earlier in the year, he urged NFD members to scissor their Sears Roebuck charge cards and send them to the company. Then he organized a day of picketing at Sears headquarters.

The day of Wildmon's picketing, Sears announced that it was withdrawing advertisements from "Three's Company" and "Charlie's Angels." Sears spokesmen, however, say their consciences were raised long before Wildmon came along. Last year, when Sears bought $80.2 million worth of TV advertising, the company pulled ad campaigns from "Starsky and Hutch," "Baretta," "Kojak," and "Hawaii Five-0" without prodding from any group. "We're a family-oriented store," says a company spokesman. "We pulled our advertising because the majority of our customers were unhappy with our association with these programs."

NETWORK OFFICIALS, however, are appalled by the boycott groups. They compare the boycotting of sponsors' products to the blacklisting of writers, performers, and producers during the Fifties. "There is no place in an orderly democratic society for such a blunt tool," says Fred Silverman, president and chief executive officer of NBC Inc. Sy Salkowitz, president of Twentieth Century-Fox, calls boycotting a tactic of "McCarthyism."

But the boycotters hold fast. Says a Sears spokesman, "We are for freedom on TV, but we want our freedom, too." There is, moreover, a good deal of proof that this "blunt tool" works as precisely as a surgeon's knife: It has been credited with turning the tide on TV violence and now appears to be having an effect on the more puerile of the sex-oriented situation comedies; some 22,000 letters received about "Soap" so influenced sponsors that the network was forced to offer the program at reduced rates—costing ABC an estimated $1 million in ad revenue.

One of the most outspoken defenders of boycotting sponsors is Nicholas Johnson, former FCC commissioner and now head of a reform group called the National Citizens Committee for Broadcasting:

> In every other market, the consumer can register his views with dollars. If he buys a product, he makes a vote. TV is the only place where that doesn't happen. We consumers spend $15 billion a year for television. Half goes to increased product costs; the other half goes for sets, antennas, cable TV. But despite the expenditure, there

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is no way the consumer can register his wants. If there were an alternative to boycotting sponsors, I would be the first to welcome it. But the networks offer no recourse but protest. They brought it on themselves with their intransigence, insularity, and refusal to deal with viewer complaints.

That very intransigence engaged the massive gears of the PTA's media reform machine. The PTA's involvement—which extends far beyond its affiliation with Sears—began in 1975 when representatives of the 6.3 million PTA members voted for a resolution to reduce the violence on television and improve the overall quality and diversity in programming. The PTA organized public hearings in eight cities and heard the testimony of 500 people. Then they persuaded some 3,000 individuals—three times the number of Nielsen viewers—to monitor television in every state. Their findings are published in review guides.

Another group organized to mobilize parents against questionable television programming is Action for Children's Television (ACT). In 1968 Peggy Charren, a mother of two, switched on the television and saw "wall-to-wall monster cartoons." She invited about 30 friends to her home to discuss the problem, and thereby founded an organization that is now 11,000 members strong.

Members of ACT don't protest program content: "The ogre of censorship is worse than junk TV," Charren says. Nor do they approach the problem through sponsors: "We don't think corporations should be involved. The same company that opposes sexploitation—which we don't want—may support the gun lobby—which we don't want either." Rather, the group focuses its efforts on encouraging the networks to provide better and more creative programs and on getting inappropriate advertising off the air.

ACT has been mightily effective. Through its initiative, advertisements for children's vitamins—coated with sugar and so overloaded with iron that they had "keep out of the reach of children" warnings printed on their labels—have been knocked off the airwaves with a government consent order. ACT also was instrumental in setting up an FCC rule that forbids program hosts from selling advertising. (That hosts can be a powerful influence is well illustrated by a 1965 Soupy Sales case. Sales told his early-morning audience to tiptoe into daddy's room and take out "some of those funny green pieces of paper with all those nice pictures and send them to your old pal, Soupy, care of WNEW, New York." According to *The Youth Market, Its Dimensions, Influence and Opportunities for You*, by Melvin Helitzer and Carl Heyel, enough money poured in after Soupy's request to constitute "the biggest heist since the Boston Brink's robbery.")

PERHAPS THE most publicized of ACT's battles is currently being waged over advertising aimed at children. On April 16, 1977, ACT sent a petition to the Federal Trade Commission, seeking a ban on televised "candy" advertising addressed to children. Members of the FTC reacted strongly to the request. They voted unanimously to begin a rule-making procedure—which could be the beginning of the end of children's commercials.

In its Staff Report on Television Advertising to Children, the commission outlined the reasons behind its recommendations. The report says, in part, that advertising for heavily sugared products induces children to take a health risk; that children often cannot discriminate between programming and commercials; and that to children, "an ad has the quality of an order, not a suggestion." As Robert Choate, president of the Council on Children, Media and Merchandizing, told the FTC, "Any communication that has a $1,060-per-commercial script-writer, actors, lighting, technicians, sound-

" Kojak "

" All in the Family "

" Charlie's Angels "

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"Three's Company"

"Starsky and Hutch"

"Baretta"

effects specialists, and motivational researchers with a $50,000 budget on one end and an eight-year-old with 50 cents on the other inherently represents an unfair contest."

The commission's support of ACT's petition has sparked flames among the opposition. The advertising community is raising a $2 million war chest to squelch the movement. During Senate hearings on FTC funding for 1979, Senator Lowell Weicker (R-Conn.) initiated a discussion on the proposed ban, labeling the issue as "absurd and preposterous." Others accuse the FTC of being a "national nanny," of trying to take on responsibilities that really should be assumed by parents.

But supporters of the FTC and ACT have stood firm. They wonder just how much pride advertisers can take in their advertisements if they themselves suggest that parents should switch ads off. And as for the national nanny argument, Charren remarks:

> When government protects adults no one complains; the FTC is now investigating funeral practices, but no one is saying that the government is interfering with the way we want to be buried. In fact, the government does protect children: It requires fire escapes in school buildings; it doesn't allow children to smoke cigarettes, drink alcohol, or buy rifles. The industry has simply found a good gimmick to put our effort down in a day when big government is unfashionable.

Another group that presses for just such "big government" protection is the National Citizens Committee for Broadcasting. Under the direction of Nicholas Johnson, one-time commissioner of the FCC, NCCB teaches people what their TV rights are and how to go about ensuring them. It distributes information on how to petition the FCC to deny licenses, publicizes the dates on which station licenses expire, and often serves as the litigant in rule-making procedures.

For each court case or petition or piece of legislation the media reform groups win, however, there are dozens of others that the networks ignore or, worse, scorn. The networks are most resistant to those who protest program content; they claim that in pushing to get certain programs canceled, reformers are infringing on the First Amendment rights of all broadcasters. The networks also claim that the outcry against TV sex and violence is coming from only a minority of Americans.

According to Robert E. Mulholland, NBC-TV president, "TV must never become a medium controlled by special interests." Fred Pierce, ABC-TV president, concurs: "The issue is whether special-interest groups should usurp the program judgments of broadcasters, advertisers, and creative producers."

Pierce's concern has also been supported and extended by Elton Rule, ABC, Inc. president: "When we talk about radically changing the medium, we should talk about it in terms of satisfying the public's needs and wants, not what will satisfy the special opinions of a small group of people in Washington."

Every media reform group mentioned here was asked to comment on the remarks made by these men, and each responded in the same way. Television *is* controlled by special interests, they said—the special interests of a handful of network executives. The thousands of people in reform groups are not attempting to abridge the First Amendment rights of these few media barons; rather they are trying to make themselves heard in the best of democratic traditions. Finally, reformers said, the "small group of people in Washington" to whom Rule referred were either elected or chosen by elected officials. The network executives—whose decisions have a pervasive effect on the everyday lives of most Americans—were not. ◉

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XEROX

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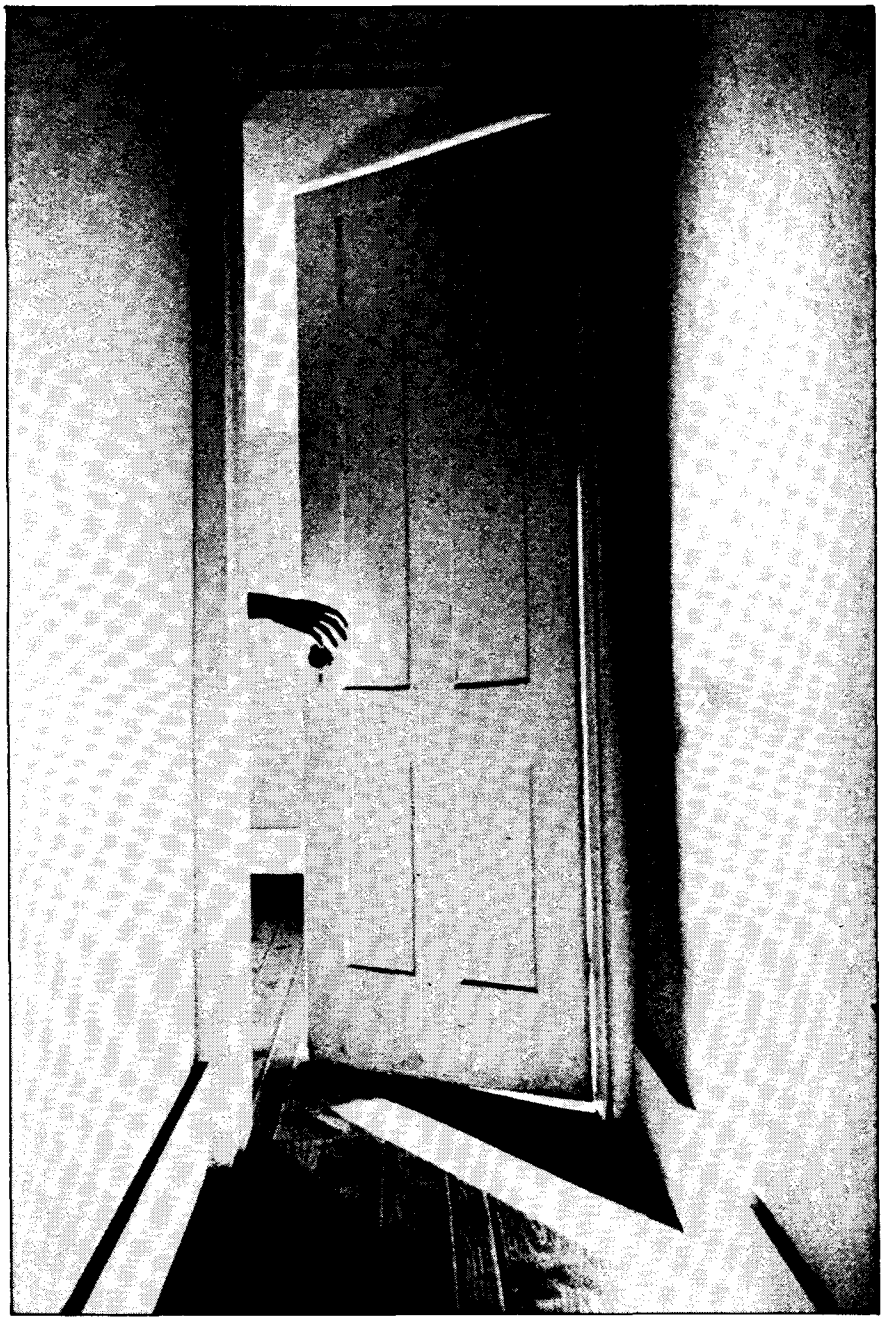
PHOTOGRAPHY

Muddle and Wonders in "Mirrors and Windows"

by Owen Edwards



Ralph Gibson, "The Enchanted Hand" (1969)

SHALL WE PAUSE a moment in the untroubled pursuits of our various happinesses to contemplate the ironic plight of museum photography curators? There was a time, not long ago, when these men (and, very occasionally, women) had the best of all possible jobs in the arts bureaucracy; with power plus general anonymity they enjoyed a Machiavellian edge. Laboring quietly in the cool penumbra of the limelight, far less news making than their cousins who made the reputations of painters and sculptors, photography curators were removed, in the foothills of Olympus, below the clash of public battles. They were the appointed guardians of the elusive and exquisite mysteries of lens and light and coated paper, keepers of the flame for a relatively small band of devotees, and as keepers, definers of what photographs did and what did not qualify as art. (Tide pools, for the most part, got the nod, lavishly dressed women did not, and so on.) With such priestly sway, curators were able to keep things fairly simple, not for any particularly dark or remarkable reason, but rather for the sake of clarity and comfort. They gave Stieglitz, Steichen, and Strand places as the Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms of the camera, settling the rest into more or less agreed-upon niches.

Now, however, with the well-documented burst of interest in photography, all this serenity has been shattered. More and more, partly because of the zealous curators themselves, people are getting a chance to look at everything from aerial pictures to medical studies. Worse, they are deciding that much of what curators, in their quest for "art," reject has as much claim to honor and attention as have dunes and Depression farmers. Suddenly the floodgates have been opened, and what a deluge is sweeping over the priesthood. A thousand styles

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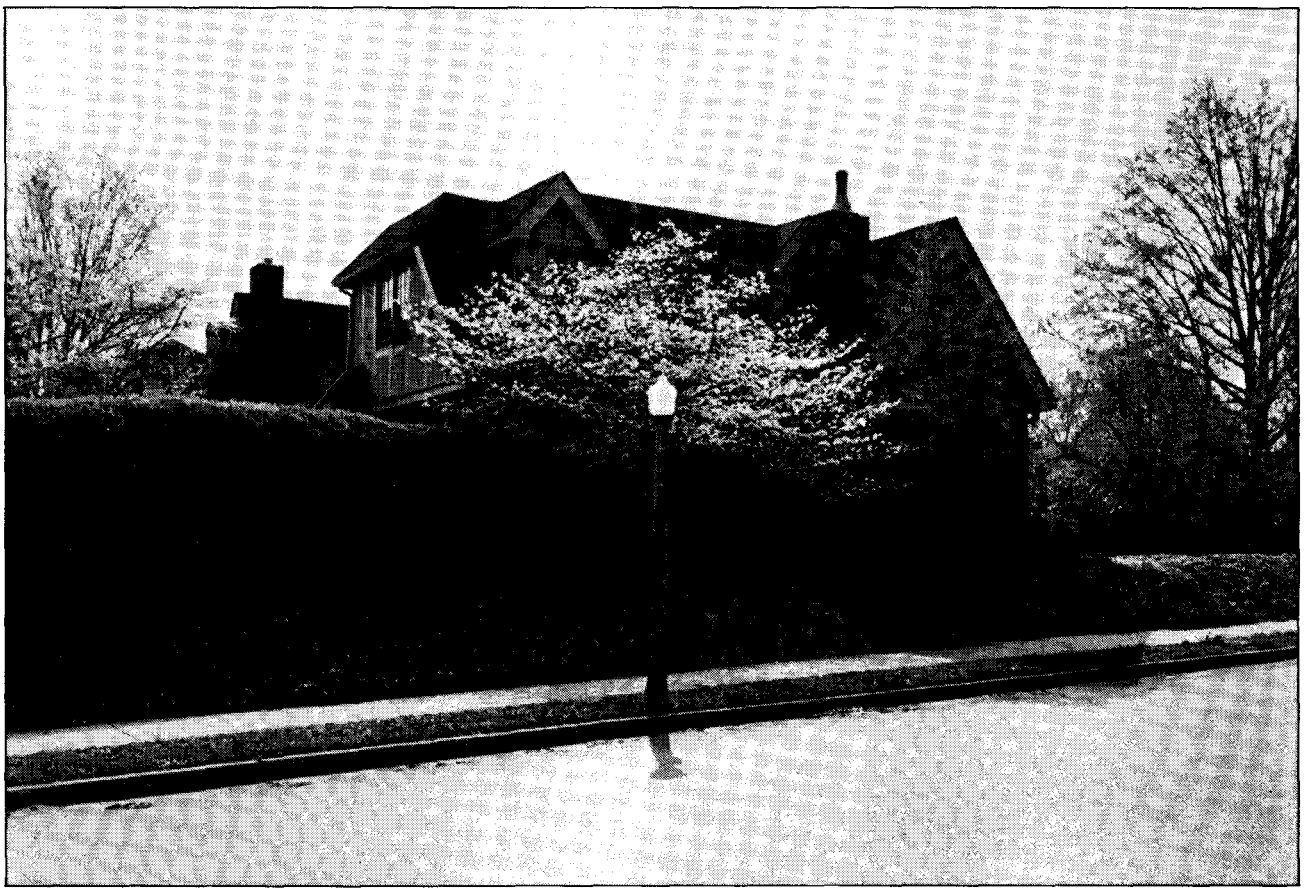
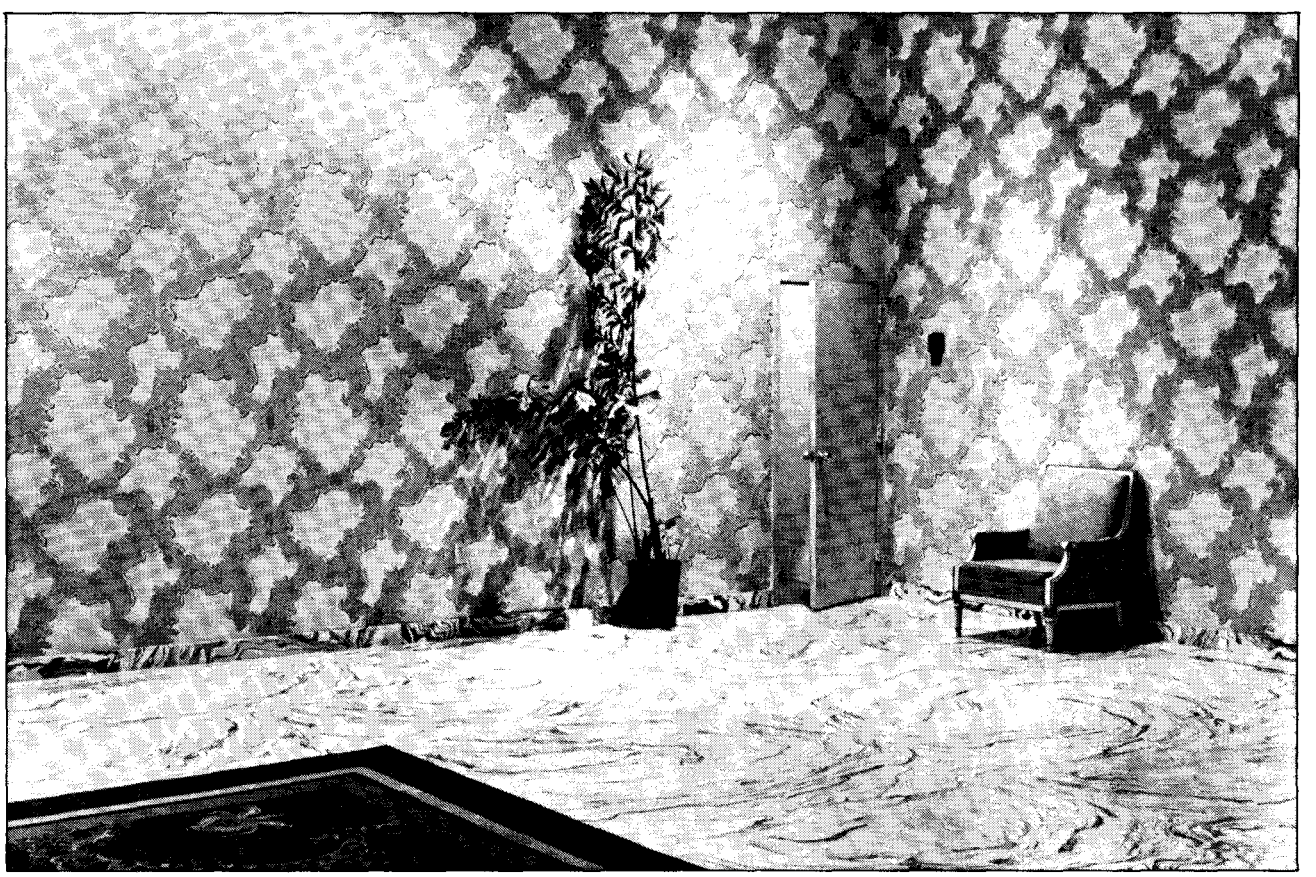


Lee Friedlander, "Memphis, Tennessee" (1973)



Elliott Erwitt, "Fontainebleau Hotel, Miami Beach" (1962)

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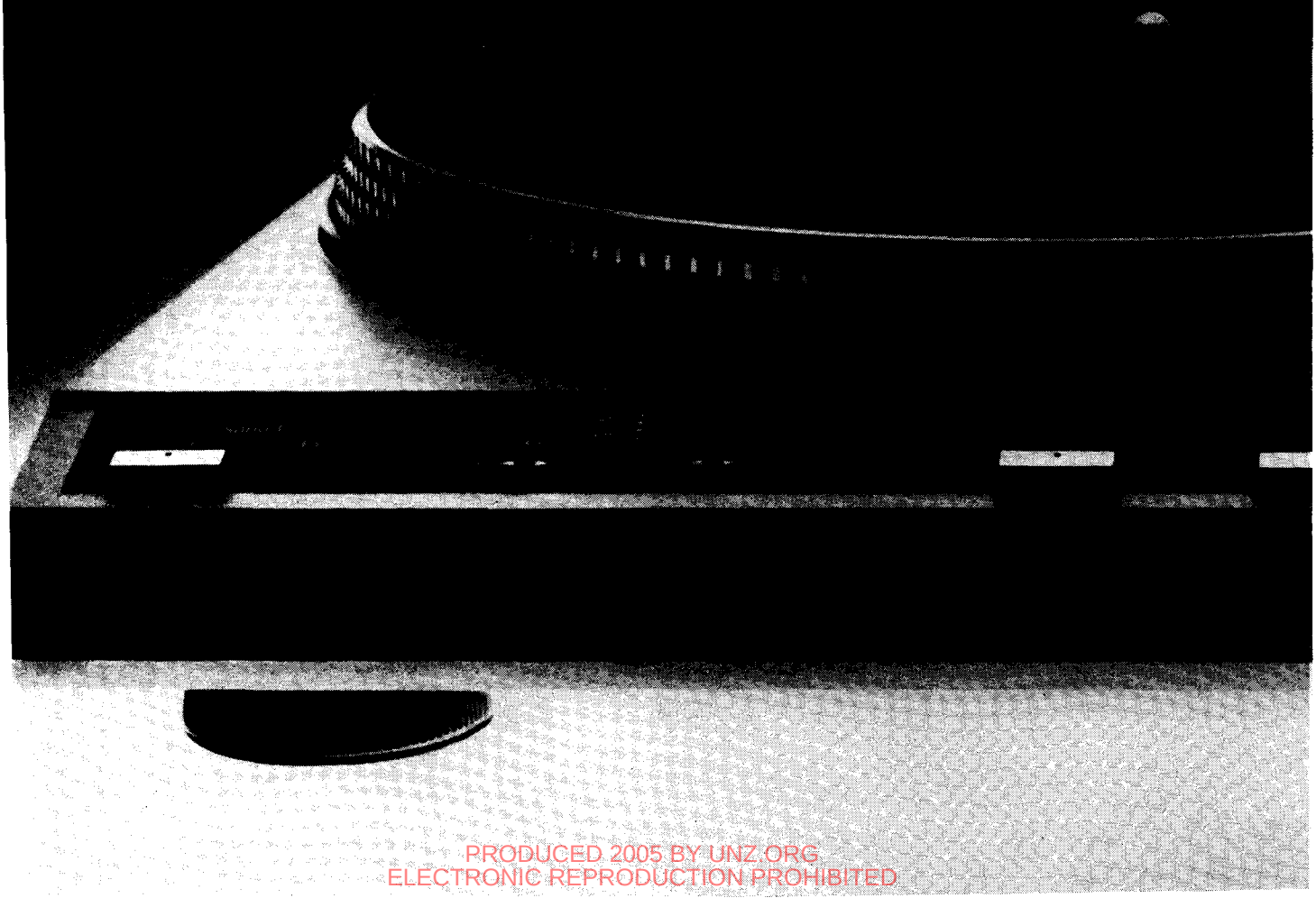

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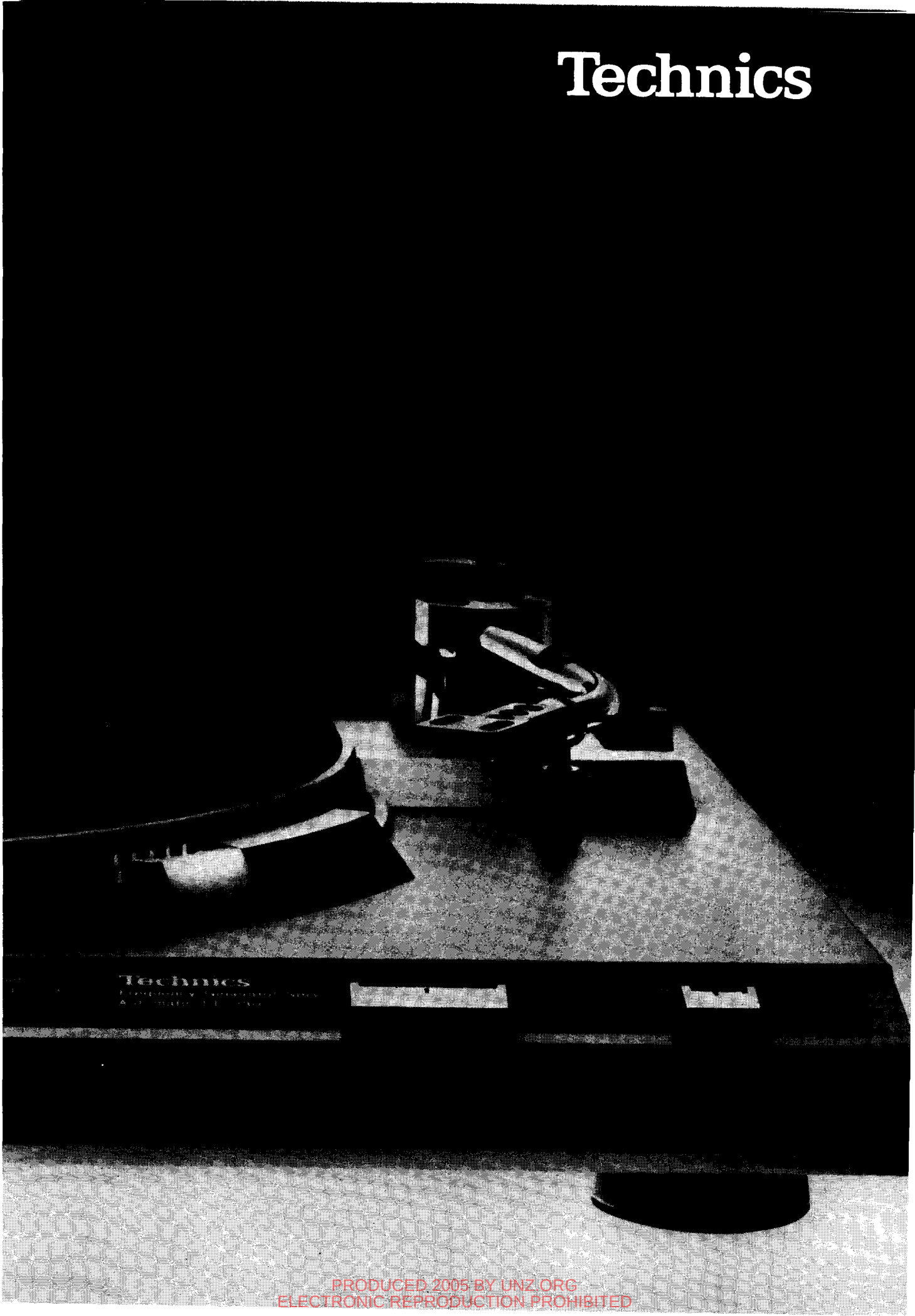

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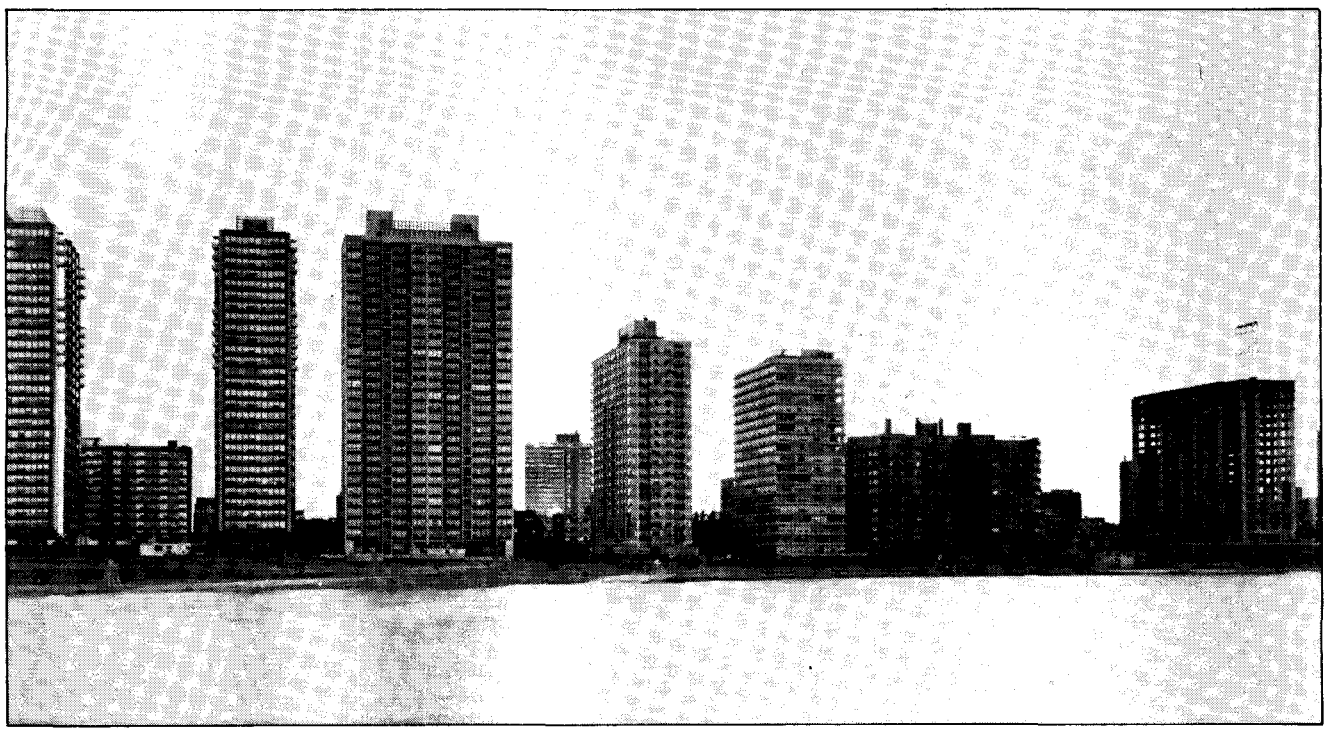

Art Sinsabaugh, "Chicago Landscape #299" (1966)

and obsessions and viewpoints are washing away all those carefully wrought structures of criticism and control.

"Mirrors and Windows," the major exhibition now at the Museum of Modern Art, and soon to be setting out on a cross-country tour, is one bemused curator's noble attempt to make sense of American photography since 1960. Under the guise of an exemplary survey of the various styles of American photographers, the show actually reflects the specific tastes and considerable influences of MOMA's Director of the Department of Photography, John Szarkowski. The work of 100 photographers charts the seismic changes in photography since the publication of Robert Frank's *The Americans* astonished observers and photographers with its trenchant, biased, polemical, artistic statement on the Swiss photographer's adopted country. Given the overwhelming mass of the work that has been done since then, one can only assume that Szarkowski has spent much time in the months leading up to the show staring at the ground, shaking his head, and muttering, "What have I done, what have I done. . . ."

Perhaps to make some attempt at tabulating the chaotic activity of the Sixties and Seventies, Szarkowski has devised the theory that gives the exhibition its name. The thesis, simply stated, is that a photograph is either a mirror—a pure, unadulterated reflection of the photographer's sensibilities, glinting off what he photographs; or a window—a version of life as we all (more or less) experience it, framed and explored in such a way that its "reality" is a key to the explorer's understanding of the world at large. By Szarkowski's reckoning, for example, surrealist manipulator Jerry Uelsmann is a mirror photographer, while Garry Winogrand (a Szarkowski favorite), with his apparently casual quasi-snapshots, is seen to fit the window category. Duane Michals's carefully choreographed parables make him mirrors, while Judy Dater, with her endlessly tedious documents of San Francisco's "me" generation, must be windows.

Unfortunately, the more convenient these are—the more they try to domesticate phenomena—the more holes they tend to have. In Szarkowski's case, the exceptions may do less to prove his rule than to blur its edges. Was Diane Arbus mirror or window, with her profoundly (if subtly) altered portraits of such extreme human anomalies as albino sword swallowers and Jewish giants? And what about Lee Friedlander, or Winogrand for that matter, whose seeming offhandedness masks the most painstakingly elaborated fugal points and counterpoints? Or Max Waldman, whose dazzling darkroom hybrid prints of stage works can be labeled either reporter (window) or demi-dramatist (mirror)?

In the book published simultaneously with the exhibition's opening in Manhattan, Szarkowski is careful to admit that his categories are not meant to be inflexible, or devisive, or even particularly easily applied. What he may also have to admit, however, is that his "Mirrors and Windows" arabesque is essentially useless. There are no windows created by the camera; the deceitful little device may imply access to the visual world, but it gives only little rectilinear fictions, based rather loosely on fact. At best, and on rare occasions, these fictions mirror an artist's soul. There *was* such a thing as a Jewish giant, and he stood with terrible awkwardness in a room with his seemingly small, appalled parents. But in preserving that incredible moment, Arbus was really photographing herself.

Let us allow curators and critics their small comforts, but ignore the earnest theories (even mine) and simply look. And look harder.

However flawed the thesis in which it is wrapped, "Mirrors and Windows" is a remarkable exhibition, filled with the wonder and myriad possibilities of photography. Much has been omitted, but a cornucopia remains. And the implications for what the next 20 years may bring are awesome.

After New York, the show will travel to Cleveland; Minneapolis; Louisville; San Francisco; Champaign, Illinois; Richmond; and Milwaukee. It will attract rapt attention, and it will deserve every bit. ◉

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THEATER

Gershwin Revived and Well

by Martin Gottfried

THE AMERICAN theater has never really gotten over George Gershwin's shocking death in 1937. As John O'Hara said at the time, "I don't have to believe it if I don't want to." Gershwin was our golden boy—like the country itself, a youthful whiz. He was a popular hero, a songwriter whose tunes we all sang; he was a composer in the world class, hobnobbing with Ravel and Prokofiev. In 1937, America and its musical theater were physically mature but child-like. Gershwin symbolized our national hope for cultural respectability—adulthood—a hope that was dashed by his death at 38.

Gershwin accomplished a great deal in the brief time he had. He wrote many hit musicals; he left a large catalog of "standards"—popular songs that have become part of the national fabric; and he wrote such concert-hall staples as "Rhapsody in Blue," "An American in Paris," and his piano concerto. He died at the peak of his composing powers, with the towering *Porgy and Bess* his final work. Yet we forget how little time Gershwin had to do all this. We forget the astonishing speed of his growth—how quickly he mastered one level and went on to the next. Recent revivals of *Tip-Toes* and *Let 'Em Eat Cake* are reminders of Gershwin's prodigal achievements, and of the probabilities that lay ahead. For, had he lived, George Gershwin would surely have pushed the musical theater to its present level in half the time.

Tip-Toes is representative of his early work as a theater composer. Gershwin had gone along with the musical's transformation from revue (with sketches and popular songs) to musical comedy (storytelling that required a certain relevance of song to plot). The scripts he worked with were neither better nor worse than those his colleagues composed to. But even in the golden age of Broadway composers, with Kern and Porter and Berlin and Rodgers and Youmans and Schwartz, Gershwin carved out a niche for himself. His musical comedy scores made theater music; he wrote with a sense of the stage. It would be foolish to say that Gershwin's songs were "better" than anyone else's but, in strictly theatrical terms, it is Gershwin's touch we feel as we thrill to the electricity of the special Broadway sound. Others have written great melodies, but the harmonies and rhythms of our theater are Gershwin's own. He practically invented the Broadway overture as we know it. The vernacular—its energy and muscle and joy—is his.

Wilson H. Brownell

Russ Thacker, Georgia Engel in Tip-Toes.

Gershwin found musical comedy worth his while for only six years. Among the musicals he wrote from 1924 to 1930, it is *Girl Crazy* that has the most famous songs ("Embraceable You," "I Got Rhythm," "Bidin' My Time," "But Not for Me"). Perhaps the unfamiliarity of the *Tip-Toes* score is what made the show so delectable when recently revived by the Goodspeed Opera House (which specializes in old musicals) in East Haddam, Connecticut. *Tip-Toes* does have its recognizable tunes: "That Certain Feeling," "Looking for a Boy." But it also has surprises—the choreographic "When Do We Dance?" and the all but forgotten "Nightie-Night." Best of all, his "Sweet and Low Down" is an exhilarating exercise in rhythm that was doubtless meant as a sequel to the earlier "Fascinatin' Rhythm." The first act's final fifteen minutes in the Goodspeed's *Tip-Toes* revival were devoted entirely to "Sweet and Low Down," staged in wave after wave of high-kicking and tap dancing. One wished it would go on forever.

It surely must have been tempting to hope, in 1930, that Gershwin would never stop writing such scores, but because of their frivolity musical comedy soon lost its appeal. He was no musical snob and wrote popular songs long after his success in the concert hall, but he was disinclined to repeat himself. Having had as much fun as he thought possible with musical comedy, he turned to political satire, working on three in succession. *Strike Up the Band* was the first of these and it was a disaster, closing during tryouts (it was subsequently revised and successfully produced in New York). The second and by far the most popular of these political satires was *Of Thee I Sing*. But the third became Gershwin's mystery show. A failure in 1933, not only has it been unrevived since but its music had actually disappeared! The score was discovered in the Library of Congress only last year—unfamiliar, it is newfound Gershwin.

Let 'Em Eat Cake was the sequel to *Of Thee I Sing*. It is harsher in tone. *Of Thee I Sing* is saucy and brash, poking fun at both politics and politicians—which, in the theater, is about as reckless as chocolate milk. *Let 'Em Eat Cake* is another story, for in it Wintergreen not only loses his re-election bid, but actually starts a revolution and becomes *dictator*. What's more, the lovably ineffectual vice-president Throttlebottom is dragged under a guillotine at the finale. But for an ironic happy ending, he would have been beheaded onstage.

A show about the realities of the national disaster was hardly what Depression-era audiences wanted as entertainment. Besides, though *Let 'Em Eat Cake* has striking possibilities, even expressionistic qualities, its book is, let's face it, a mess. However, in its music Gershwin attempted more than he ever had before.

It is indeed ambitious. Gershwin ignored the short song almost entirely, and as a result got only one hit out of the show ("Mine"). He composed elaborate musical sequences; he sought dissonance, concentrated on counterpoint, and wrote heavily for chorus. There are even sections in *Let 'Em Eat Cake* that include operatic recitative. The promise of *Porgy and Bess* is unmistakably present.

Porgy, however, was not a fulfillment of the ideas explored in *Let 'Em Eat Cake*. *Porgy* was meant as an opera and was quite another matter. Despite its erratic book, *Let 'Em Eat Cake* realized an ambitious approach to show music. Even in the slipshod revival (for which we must nevertheless be grateful) produced by the Berkshire Theater Festival in Massachusetts, we cannot mistake the tremendous musical strides that were taken by the show. His death is still killing. ◉

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THE MOVIES

Heaven Knows Why Beatty Turned Nostalgic

by Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.

IT IS NOT clear to me what it was about the old Robert Montgomery movie *Here Comes Mr. Jordan* that especially appealed to so keen and contemporary a type as Warren Beatty. The Thirties and Forties had a weakness for ghostly farces—René Clair's *The Ghost Goes West*, the *Topper* films, Lubitsch's *Heaven Can Wait*, *The Ghost and Mrs. Muir*, and above all, *Blithe Spirit*. Though some of these movies were very funny, I can't think that many people seriously lamented the passing of the genre or yearned for its revival.

Here Comes Mr. Jordan, released in 1941, was one of the best. Robert Montgomery, who starred, was a first-class *farceur*, as well as a not inconsiderable serious actor. I am surprised that he has not had his own revival. Claude Rains played Mr. Jordan, Edward Everett Horton the bumbling messenger, James Gleason the athlete's manager. It was a bright and joyous movie. And it works again, I must confess, as remade by Beatty nearly 40 years later under the title *Heaven Can Wait* (Paramount). It is hard to imagine more delightful summer fare, with James Mason, Buck Henry, and Jack Warden all excellent in the main supporting roles and Dyan Cannon and Charles Grodin in top form in parts astutely enlarged from those played by Rita Johnson and John Emery in the original.

One admires the result—but still wonders why Warren Beatty should have cared. As a producer, writer, and actor, he has an acute sense of modernity. His two previous productions—*Bonnie and Clyde* and *Shampoo*—were both arresting and original films. *Heaven Can Wait*, for all its proficiency and charm, is a voice from the past. The ghostly farce is somehow out of sync with the 1970s. A couple of years back Beatty was preparing a film about American journalist and radical John Reed. One hopes that he still has this in mind. It would be interesting to see what a filmmaker of his sharp and idiosyncratic vision would make of the 10 days that shook the world.

Foul Play, another Paramount film, also represents a throwback to earlier times. My companion, a young woman, complained as we left the screening, "That movie couldn't make up its mind whether to be a thriller or a farce." True enough; but again the genre is altogether familiar to an older generation. *Foul Play* is reminiscent of the movies of Bob Hope's middle period—*The Cat and the Canary*, *My Favorite Blonde*—or of late Harold Lloyd films like *Professor, Beware* and *Welcome Danger*. It is what used to be called comedy-melodrama, a style less common in our own day except in the form of total spoof, like Mel Brooks's *High Anxiety*.

Actually, the makers of *Foul Play* preceded it with another exercise in the same genre, *Silver Streak*. *Foul Play* is just as loose, dumb, and contrived as *Silver Streak* but better cast and funnier. Goldie Hawn, who appears to have studied the collected performances of Carole Lombard, acts with charm and relish as a San Francisco librarian who finds herself the inexplicable target of a series of murderous attacks. Chevy Chase makes a most agreeable film debut as the detective assigned to the case. Dudley Moore is amusing as an orchestra conductor living in a pad that must be a *Playboy* reader's idea of heaven.

But again one wonders a little what the producers had in mind. Why hire Chevy Chase and make no use of the satiric gifts he displayed so splendidly on *Saturday Night Live*? Why load down a talented comedian like Dudley Moore with an avalanche of props? Why cast such fine players as Burgess Meredith and Rachel Roberts and then give them a climactic scene in which they have at each other in karate? But, though *Foul Play* is embellished with a veneer of 1970s double-entendre, it is at heart another very old-fashioned movie.

Even the French appear to be ransacking the files. Michel Drach's *Replay* (Quartet) is a variation of the *Gaslight* theme, in which a wife begins to suspect that a presumably loving husband is plotting to do her in. Thorold Dickinson's original *Gaslight* came out the year after *The Cat and the Canary* and the year before *Here Comes Mr. Jordan* (George Cukor's American remake of *Gaslight* came four years after Dickinson's). *Replay* derives from a French novel. A wife comes out of an automobile accident with amnesia. As she struggles to recover her memory, there flickers into her disoriented mind the realization that her husband, ostensibly so devoted, is lying to her about their past.

Like Lelouch's *Cat and Mouse*, a superior film, *Replay* is set in the new shiny Paris, the Paris of La Défense, of tall buildings and fast motorcars, in which the builder is the new culture hero. One of the best scenes has the heroine trying to find the entrance to one of those skyscrapers built of reflecting glass.

As a thriller, *Replay* is ingeniously constructed, but it would have been more satisfying had the director stuck rigorously to a single point of view. All the film should have been seen, as most of it is, through the eyes of the wife. Occasional lapses when the audience is told things the wife could not know damage the psychological unity and effect.

Still, the suspense is well maintained, and one watches the husband in alternations of suspicion and sympathy to the very end. Marie-José Nat, who is married to director Drach, is properly mystified and mystifying as the amnesiac wife; Victor Lanoux is properly mysterious as the loving or homicidal husband. *Replay* can provide an adequate chill on a hot night. But one hopes that we are not in for a season of revivals of the genres from another age. ◉

Fraser Young
Literary Crypt No. 115

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer to appear September 30.

F G Q P F L E K W : F X K -
F N R K W Q T E X B T
A L K C Z Q P T P B K
P K D R P F P L T E T J
Z K E A L E I B L D Q K C J
F R C K F Q O W K .

— F D G W T Q K
G L K W H K

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

The Persistence of Benjamin Britten

by Irving Kolodin

THE FIRST few years following the death of a prominent composer may forecast much about the long-range chances of his music for survival. Is there a slump or an ascent in the graph of his music's performances? Do the planning minds of the music world (conductors, virtuosi, series makers, etc.) react with a twinge of guilt (as with Béla Bartók in 1945) and perform everything of his in sight because of the neglect he suffered in the last years of his life? Or do they quietly put his scores away (which is what has happened since the death of Jean Sibelius in 1957) and turn to other men and other minds?

With Benjamin Britten, neither has happened. There was, in the first place, no need for a guilt reaction when he died near the end of 1976, at the age of 63. His music had always been performed almost as soon as it was finished. He preferred obscurity to prominence (he owned the title of Lord Britten, but never used it), so his absence from the scene is hardly conspicuous.

Least of all is there any sign of decline in the public performance of his repertory. Across the summer, the Festival Ottawa '78 included his beautifully distinctive treatment of Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* and a new production of *Albert Herring* had its part in a nationally televised opera series.

Now, in the weeks immediately ahead, Britten will be favored with simultaneous stage performances (each for the first time by the company) in San Francisco (beginning September 15) and at New York's Metropolitan (beginning September 19).

One might suppose that the Britten work being performed was some posthumous discovery for whose performing rights these companies are contesting—another *Turandot* perhaps? Not so. The work is, rather, *Billy Budd,* which has been in existence since 1951.

The sea, which has played so vital a part in Britten's stage works—from *Peter Grimes* in 1945 to *Death in Venice* in 1973—is, here too, a part of the drama. This time, however, it is as an undercurrent to the Herman Melville-derived action, which takes place aboard *H.M.S. Indomitable.* Britten never lets us forget that the men who go down to the sea in ships include some who never come back. Further, that this may include some who never come back because of strict discipline and iron enforcement of naval codes—up to being hanged from the yardarm.

What is there to explain this proliferation of interest in *Billy Budd?* Precisely the same kind of quality, I'd say, that has caused two of the country's major orchestras to schedule performances of Britten's long, difficult *War Requiem:* in Cleveland (in October) under the direction of Lorin Maazel; and, after the first of the year, in Washington with Mstislav Rostropovich conducting. The quality is the simple, eternal one that ties man to art, and art to man: an overriding sense of compassion for human misery.

During his lifetime, Britten enjoyed few encomiums from what is sometimes overgrandly called "the intellectual world." (This is a self-created synonym for the planners and the plotters, the makers and the doers who counsel each other on their merits, and turn thumbs down on the demerits of others.) Britten was too accessible, they said; inordinately prolific; or even (if the brow was high enough) too obvious.

When Britten was asked to create a work for the rededication of the reconstructed Coventry Cathedral (one of the earliest casualties of the mass bombings in World War II, in which atrocities both sides eventually participated) he committed himself to something other than a grand prayer for the fallen and a somber sense of triumph over the enemy: He directed himself to condemnation of the most vicious enemy of all—war itself. He derived his text for this *War Requiem* from the poems of Wilfred Owen, himself a victim of war (November 1918). The theme emerged from Owen's famous statement: "My subject is War, and the pity of war. The Poetry is in the pity."

Britten's conception of the work also included a multinational group of soloists who would, through Peter Pears (English), Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau (German), and Galina Vishnevskaya (Russian), be a visual symbol of reconciliation. However, when the work was first performed at Coventry in May 1962, Vishnevskaya was not present, and the soprano part was sung by Heather Harper. Vishnevskaya did participate in the recording, and will be heard in the performances in Washington and New York, to be directed by her husband. This is a rich opportunity to hear two eminent musical minds (Maazel and Rostropovich) reproduce what they see and hear in the score.

In the derogatory sense, Britten was being "obvious" when he wrote his bright and taste-shaping *Soirées Musicales* as long ago as 1936, and followed it with the *Serenade* (for tenor, horn, and strings, on poetry of Blake, Keats, Tennyson, etc., in 1943), and with *The Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra* in 1946. There was nothing either cheap or condescending about these works, with which Britten made his early fame. As well as being generally "taste-shaping," they were specific in shaping a taste for the composer.

As a counterpart to the prominence of the new versions of *Billy Budd* and the *War Requiem,* note no less than 34 performances between January and July of *this year,* of his *Noye's Fludde,* a work which lends itself to "grass root" effort. And the statistics for works in the stage category (so far in 1978) also include five more productions of Britten's *Albert Herring,* four of *Peter Grimes* (several of them in universities), and six of *The Turn of the Screw.*

The rational conclusion is that the persistence of Britten is not fantasy but fact. Certain other composers who have died recently may be victimized by those who are searching for other men, with other minds. Britten was, all his life, his own man, with his own mind, and the products of that mind will not go away. ◉

Wit Twister No. 126

Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. Answer to appear Sept. 30.

The flashing — — — — —
suddenly goes dead.
The mountains of — — — —
—loom just ahead.
The — — — — —is doomed,
yet one man there can smile:
Death will reprieve him from the
— — — — —isle. A.S.

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No Health Anywhere

Running Dog
by Don DeLillo
Knopf, 256 pp., $8.95

Reviewed by
Anthony Burgess

As a European, I sometimes wonder whether the kind of fiction that Don DeLillo and other Americans are writing can be termed novels in the sense still current in Europe. Here it is legitimate to fictionalize the breakdown of civilization, but only from the viewpoint of a protagonist who holds to the values out of which the novel-form was begotten. We need humanity to observe the death of humanity. But in *Running Dog*, and in much contemporary American fiction, we have no humanity at all—bodies, nerves, trigger-fingers, money-lust, power-lust, but no (ah, ridiculous Dostoevskian archaism) soul. *Americana* is the title of DeLillo's first novel; Americana are still, in his sixth, his theme. Americana is a neuter collective: American things. His characters are all American things.

Perhaps this reduction of fictional characters to thinghood began with Hemingway. Hemingway, like Lawrence, rejected the cerebrum and concentrated on the cerebellum, replacing 19th-century liberal man with natural man—man as a gun-using, lusting, unloving instrument with, however, a kind of antiquated pilot-flame called honor flickering faintly. Faceless and heartless, post-Hemingway unnatural man is an urban cipher, prey to the totally inhuman predators that have acronyms for names. If there is a ghost anywhere in the machine, it is a fist-sized ganglion of fear sometimes masquerading as guilt.

In *Running Dog*, Radial Matrix, the ultimate intelligence agency, and several underworld characters are fighting to get hold of film mistakenly believed to be unedited *cinema verité* of a final orgy in which the Fuehrer himself took part. The pornmen want the film, and some of them are prepared to kill to get it. It is, so to speak, the ultimate stimulus in a sex-absorbed society that approaches impotence. The film, however, turns out to be scenes of Hitler doing a Chaplin act for Goebbels's children.

This is not all we see of Chaplin. When Moll, who works for *Running Dog*, a once radical magazine, and Selvy, an agent for Radial Matrix, go to the Little Carnegie to see a rerun of *The Great Dictator*, she recalls that Chaplin once said he would never have made the film "later on in the war or after the war, knowing by that time what the Nazis were capable of. He also said something strange about the dictator being a comedian." The humanistic position, however black and white and grainy, that Chaplin represents stands for something like a moral absolute in DeLillo's terrible contemporary America. Elsewhere there is nothing but porn, corruption, death.

We are given a healthy dose of porn, corruption, and death in *Running Dog*. Selvy, the strange agent who has at least the awareness to realize that all his training is no more than training for his own death, curiously surveys some of them—magic massage, topless pinball, Scandinavian skin games, nude stories. A nude girl storyteller says: "Most everybody picks 'Flaming Panties.' It's really sick, too. If I made up 'Flaming Panties,' I don't know, I think I'd run a sword through my body. It is *the* sickest." Outside a nude-encounter studio a maroon and gold pimpmobile stands double-parked.

Vietnam is part of the porno-mythology. Earl Mudger, one of its veterans and a myth himself, who now runs Radial Matrix, is not quite a thing, but only things, and the words attached to them, represent reality to him in the metametaphysical world of sick America. "Caliber readings, bullet grains, the names of special accessories. Correspondents filled their dispatches with these, using names as facets of narrative trying to convey the impact of violent action by reporting concatenations of letters and numbers. Spoken aloud by sweaty men in camouflage grease, these number-words and coinages had the inviolate grace of a strict meter of chant." Verbalization, hostile media, terminal spasms of sex and death are the components of American reality. Any word you utter has sex and death in it. Take the old David Frost favorite "fascinating." Mr. Lightbourne, who sells erotica for a living, will show you that it derives from *fascinus*, a magic phalloid amulet, and that it is close to fascism.

With Mr. Lightbourne, we seem to touch compassion for a moment. When he is musing on dying Berlin, an image comes to mind of people in overcoats listening to Bruckner. But DeLillo must wonder if that is not an artistic flaw. His Americana must be all, all of a piece:

> Thy chase had a beast in view,
> Thy wars brought nothing about,
> Thy lovers were all untrue,

To say that *Running Dog* has all the fascination of a plastic formicary is to deny that it is a novel in the old sense. It moves, scurries, is very much alive; it even reaches conclusions, but these conclusions are premises. If the innocence of the content of the Hitler film is, after the slavering of the pornmen, a shocking anticlimax, this dithering man doing a Chaplin take-off is still the Great Dictator, and the Goebbels children are shortly to be killed by their own father. There is no health anywhere. The term evil has no meaning, since there is no definable good. The naiveté of this American picture, itself a symptom of post-Vietnam shock, is belied by the sophistication of DeLillo's verbal technique. The cutting is as rapid as that found in Eisenstein's *October* and often as confusing: With so little delineation of either character or *mise en scène*, things tend to run together, as in a dropped bag of rotten fruit. I came to *Running Dog* after a reread of Mann's *Doctor Faustus*—a more terrible picture of evil, since in that book evil corrupts the good—and found DeLillo's work a refresher course in the readjustment to contemporary literary values. There is something of Pynchon in it and a little of John Hawkes. DeLillo has his own voice, harsh, eroded, disturbingly eloquent.

Novelist and critic Anthony Burgess is best known for A Clockwork Orange.

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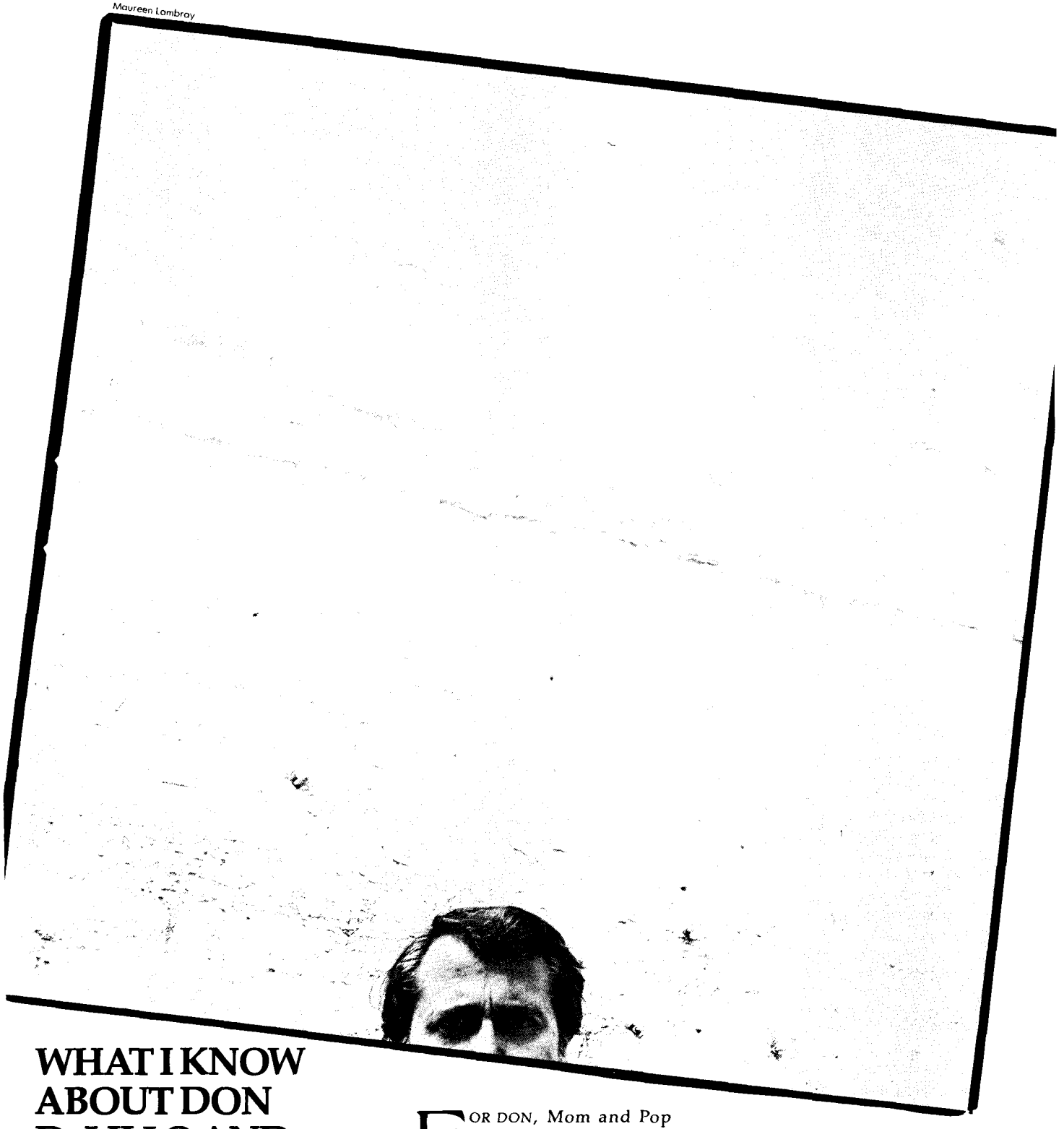
Maureen Lombray

WHAT I KNOW ABOUT DON DeLILLO AND CERTAIN OTHER UNNAMED PERSONS

by Gordon Lish

FOR DON, Mom and Pop DeLillo passed up Augustus, Rudolph, and Maximillian. These are parents that don't deserve one of the surpassing literary artists of our time. What they deserve is a crackerjack upholsterer—or maybe a hit man for the mob. And for all I or you know, Don DeLillo could be either or both—because the man is just as various and private as his gorgeous books are.

But I don't want to talk about DeLillo the writer because I work for the outfit that publishes what he writes, and even if I didn't, I'd still be about as *parti pris* as you can get. What I want to talk about is having lunch with Don DeLillo

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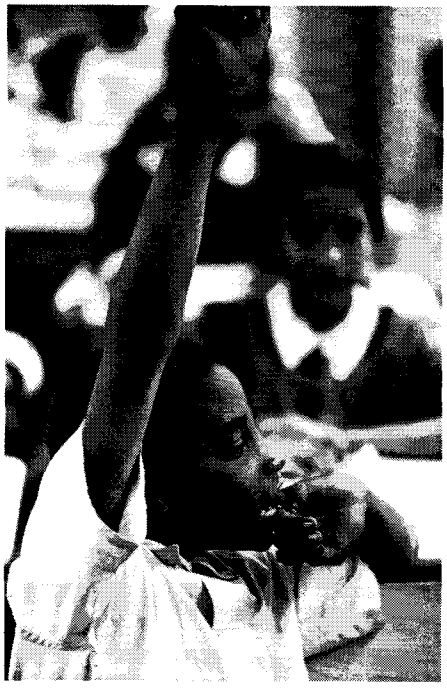

"The more time spent in school, the poorer minority children do."

Recent studies prove minority children slip farther and farther behind their white counterparts in schools both in the United States and in Great Britain. Education Editor Cynthia Parsons writes about this situation—and the reasons why—in her column in The Christian Science Monitor.

She concludes by saying, "Let's find out if teachers who love and respect their pupils, and expect them to achieve high goals, have pupils who succeed."

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because you haven't. Well, a lot of people haven't. Me, I've done it three or four times, and always at the same place. Point is, you don't want to change things on DeLillo if you can help it. You can see that by the way he likes to sit with his back to a wall.

Here's what he was wearing the last time. Funny boots he said he got in Canada, but I don't think so. I think he said that just to throw me off. Anyway, more of what he was wearing was trousers funnier than the boots were, crazy things with cuffs that looked like they were ironed on. And the usual ill-fitting shirt and an all-wrong tie and a sport coat that wanted to be a plaid.

I said, "What do you wear those things for?"

He said, "What things?" Then he looked away as if he was already bored. He wasn't bored. He was scared. I could tell.

So the waiter comes and asks what's to drink. DeLillo says he wants a whiskey and Coke. The waiter says what kind of whiskey, and DeLillo says just make it a Coke.

We had to wait a while for this to happen. Not much conversation while we're waiting. Mainly, I'm pressing the business of what he's wearing—how come he goes out in public like that—and DeLillo's moving his chair around, trying to adjust it so it's perfectly parallel to the wall in back of him.

I said, "You overcome with feelings of anxiety? Stuff like that?"

DeLillo says, "I had a dog when I was a kid. He was calm as a cuke."

His Coke comes. He asks the waiter for a straw and how come whiskey is such a big deal it has to start an argument.

As soon as the waiter's out of earshot, DeLillo leans over to me, cups his mouth, and whispers, "I used to be a waiter once."

"No kidding," I say. "Where was that? Was it fun? How much did you get paid? You declare your tips? What's it like to work with all those hot-head cooks? You join the union? You get free meals with a deal like that? Funny, now that I think about it, there are no waiters in any of your books. How come *is* that?"

DeLillo fixes his chair. Seems like when he leaned over, it got out of sync with the wall.

He says, "The title of my new book is *Running Dog*. But there's no dog in it. I'm writing a play. It's about four people just talking."

"Like us," I say. "Like you and me right now."

DeLillo nods, takes a sip of his Coke, and looks off to the side.

"No good without your straw," I say.

He says, "What?"

The waiter comes and says let's have your order. DeLillo says he wants a steak. The waiter wants to know is that with salad. DeLillo says he's not looking for an argument and to make it medium-well. The waiter wants to know with or without salad. DeLillo says, "Let me hear what dressings you have." The waiter recites five choices. DeLillo's very attentive to the waiter, while the waiter's doing what the waiter's doing, and when the waiter's finished, DeLillo says, "Bring me my straw."

"Sorry," the waiter says. "Coming up."

As soon as the waiter's out of earshot, DeLillo leans over to me, cups his mouth, and whispers, "Did I tell you I used to be a waiter once?"

I nod.

He whispers, "How about the dog I used to have?"

"Ditto," I say.

"Calm as a cuke," DeLillo says, and winks.

The straw comes, the food comes, and with the eats the conversation really gets going.

DeLillo says, "My wife wants to move to North Carolina and open a greenhouse. She likes plants. I want to move to Tibet, but China's got it. They've got Tibet."

"Bad luck," I say.

DeLillo says, "You bet," and winks.

I say, "What's this new book, *Running Dog*, all about?"

He says, "It's not about Tibet," and laughs.

"What's funny about that?" I say.

DeLillo says, "Get *with* it, man—get *in* to things!" Then he says, "Somebody shot a bullet through my window last week. I live on the 18th floor."

"How come you didn't whisper that?" I say.

"Why should I?" he says. He says, "If you were me, would you whisper it?"

"You want some dessert?" I say.

DeLillo says no, no dessert.

"If I order a Napoleon, will you eat half?"

DeLillo says, "Don't press me," and readjusts his chair so it's the way he wants it.

I say, "All right, I'm through crapping around with you. The titles of your books are *Americana, End Zone, Great Jones Street, Ratner's Star, Players,* and now this new thing, this *Running Dog*—plus there's this short story I know about called 'In the Men's Room of the Sixteenth Century.'"

"Wait a minute," DeLillo says, giving his chair a fast jerk a degree or so to

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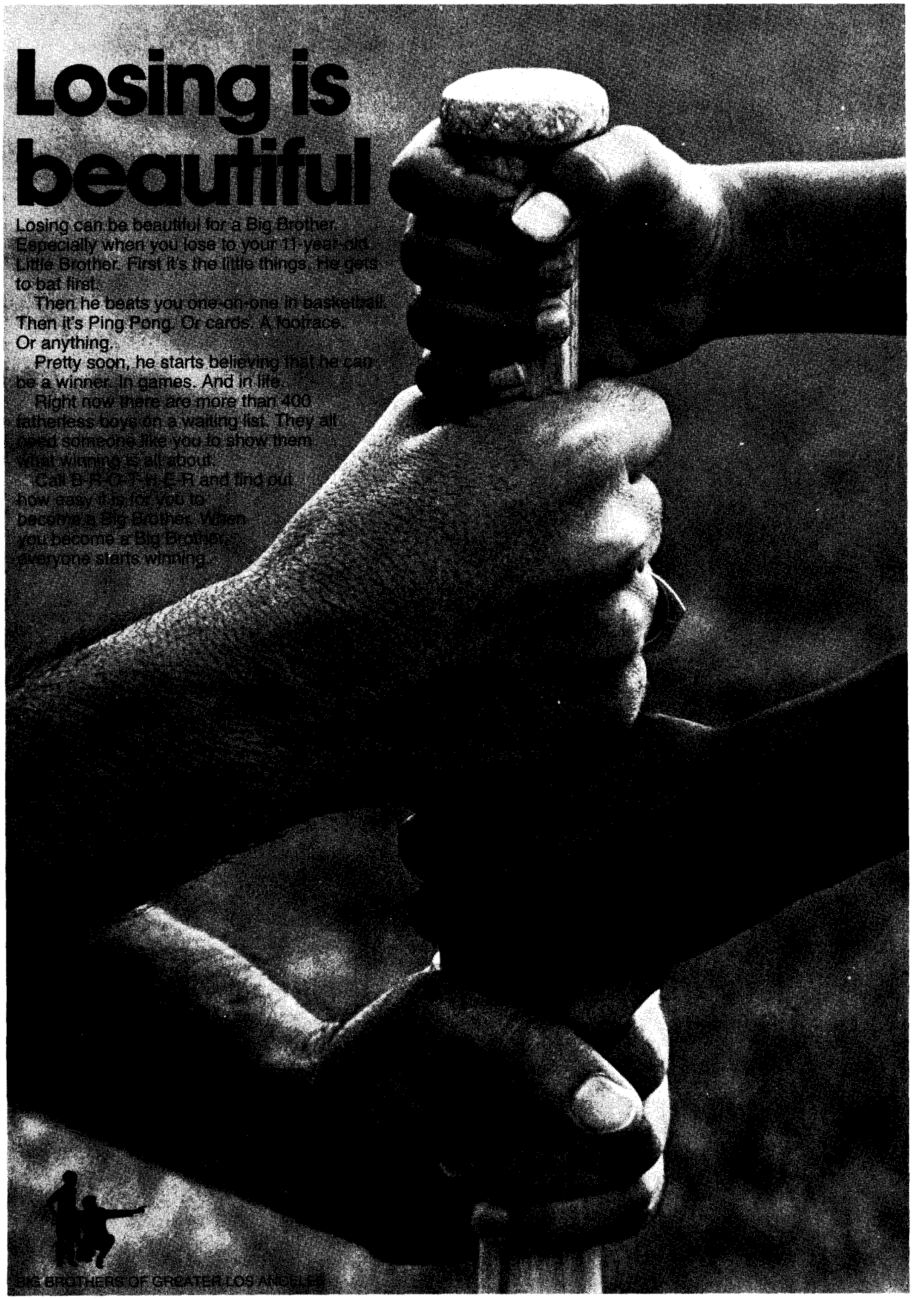
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one side.

"What's the matter?" I say.

"We didn't order coffee," he says.

"If you want coffee, we'll order coffee," I say.

"No," he says, "I just want you to know we didn't order it."

"Am I to assume," I say, "that you do not choose to discuss literary matters with me? Is that what you wish me to assume?"

"Hey," DeLillo says. "Hey, hey, hey—don't get tough with me. I'm telling you, don't get tough with me. You're not the first one who's tried to get tough with me, so don't try it. Now give me an honest opinion of this jacket. I got it in Canada, so what do you think of it?"

I say, "I thought you got the boots in Canada."

He says, "The jacket, too. It was to go to Tibet with, but now I don't think I'm going to go. Maybe we'll go to North Carolina."

"Take a look at South Carolina first," I say.

DeLillo says, "Why?"

"I don't know," I say. "Maybe you'll like it better."

"Better than what?" he says.

"Than *North* Carolina," I say.

DeLillo says, "Why would I like North Carolina?"

"Do you want to leave?" I say.

"Without coffee?" he says.

"But you didn't want any coffee," I say.

"I *don't*," he says. "The point is we're leaving without it. Is there anything arguable in that? There is nothing arguable in that, is there?"

"Let's go," I say.

"That's the spirit!" DeLillo says. "Now you're catching on."

Of course I made all that up. Don DeLillo's not anything like that. You would think that's what he's like if you've been smart enough to read his books, but he is not like that one bit at all. What Don DeLillo is really like is just like the three other literary geniuses I know.

Indefatigably nice.

Heroically sane.

Hugely polite.

Inexhaustibly responsive.

And a model of good citizenship besides.

Point being, great art—conventional thought to the contrary—makes for great humanity. But who'll ever get car fare for telling you that? ◉

Gordon Lish is an editor at Knopf. His book, Secrets High and Low, *will be published by Anchor/Doubleday this spring.*

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BOOKS

The Lenore Marshall Poetry Prize

"Collected Poems 1919-1976" by Allen Tate

The Lenore Marshall Poetry Prize, given annually to "the outstanding book of poems published in the United States," is cosponsored by *Saturday Review* and the New Hope Foundation. The $5,000 prizewinner for 1977 was selected by Alastair Reid, May Swenson, and John Hollander—all poets in their own right. Previous winners have been Philip Levine for *The Names of the Lost* (1976), Denise Levertov for *The Freeing of the Dust* (1975), and Cid Corman for O (1974).
I

I CONFESS THAT I have never been on a jury before; judging has not been my business. But the experience has been salutary. I have not lived in the United States for the last 12 years, and so have not kept up with new poetry, if keeping up is still possible. Suddenly, in early summer, over 100 books of poems arrived at the homes of each judge, in clusters of two and three, and we were drowned in poetry.

Time passed, however, and we read our way to conclusion. My fellow-jurists, May Swenson and John Hollander, were separately making up their minds, and when we began to talk, we discovered a remarkable coincidence of opinion. As we saw it, the volumes that deserved recognition could be divided, roughly, into three kinds, or rather stages, of poetry, and the awarding of the prize really rested first of all on comparing the relative importance of these categories. There were books of poems by poets in their stride, or getting there, many of them with some startlingly good poems. Second, there were books by accomplished poets, firm and impressive steps in their writing careers. Finally, there were collected editions from a cluster of celebrated poets — the incarnation of a whole life in poetry.

Each dimension yielded up strong candidates. On the first level, there were Heather McHugh's vehement *Dangers* (Houghton Mifflin), Douglas Lawder's *Trolling* (Little, Brown), Dave Smith's wonderfully energetic poems in *Cumberland Station* (University of Illinois Press), Vern Rutsala's *The Journey Begins* (University of Georgia Press). The profusion of excellent single poems in these books, and in others which I don't have the space to name, should encourage any reader of poetry.

In the second category, three books claimed most attention—Edward Field's *A Full Heart* (Sheep Meadow Press), a warm, abundant, though occasionally whimsical collection; John Ashbery's *Houseboat Days* (Viking), a book already well laureled, and rightly so, because Ashbery is one of the most brilliant revivers of our language; and Anthony Hecht's *Millions of Strange Shadows* (Atheneum), a beautifully wrought book, without a false note. Hecht's poems should be treated as sacred objects. Reading them tends to make other poets feel clumsy; they should be hung on walls for the wit is immaculate, the accomplishment thrilling, the choice of word piercing.

Then the collected poems, the milestones. The year 1977 gave us *New Collected Poems* from Robert Graves (Doubleday). Graves is our senior man-of-letters. Even in this volume, he continues to surprise; his later poems far outnumber his earlier. And we had A. R. Ammons's *The Selected Poems: 1951–1977* (Norton), Howard Nemerov's *Collected Poems* (University of Chicago Press), and *Selected Poems: 1923–1975* of Robert Penn Warren (Random House), another poet who has grown consistently more interesting with time, and who is in full cry. This year, Farrar, Straus & Giroux published Allen Tate's *Collected Poems: 1919–1976*. There had not been a comprehensive edition of his poetry since *Poems 1922 – 1947*; this new book extended his span in both directions. It is a hard and lean body of work, but overall, his poems, both familiar and unfamiliar, made our choice of his book in the end as winner of the prize an emphatic one.

What has been added to his earlier canon are 28 poems, written in 1922, discovered, and here published for the first time. Although they do not have the deep gravity and sharp irony of Tate's more familiar and celebrated work, they still show the wit and the precise phrasing. They are completely assured poems, although they were written in Tate's early twenties. The shifting imagery was even then daring and confident, and the tone is arriving.

It is a commonplace to call Allen Tate the most classical of American poets in our time, but what does that really mean? Not just that he translated the Pervigilium Veneris definitively into English, not just that he uses images of the classical past to create a kind of nobility in his world. His manner is what distinguishes him, the way he has made his poems, for they are all delivered perfectly into language, separated from him; his language has hardened, poems in stone, classical poems. Comparisons with Eliot are often made, but they are correct only in that Tate and Eliot share the same high seriousness, and their lines the same kind of finality. It is with Ransom that Tate has a much closer affinity. Between them, they have made some of the most durable poems we have.

By now, poems like Tate's "The Mediterranean" and his great "Seasons of the Soul" provide for most of those who have always known his work the pleasure of rereading, of finding something familiar to the ear but still surprising to the mind. "Seasons of the Soul" has the essence of all his work in it—fortitude of the spirit, the present a natural continuation of the classical past, the memorably echoing sounds, the flawless ear. The pastoral is made real and tangible. The ironies are never far away, however; we are, he often reminds us, "learned arteries," and our war is with the forms of time. There is a magnificence to all he has written, and he is to be prized. —ALASTAIR REID

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The Mediterranean

Quem das finem, rex magne, dolorum?

Where we went in the boat was a long bay
A slingshot wide, walled in by towering stone—
Peaked margin of antiquity's delay,
And we went there out of time's monotone:

Where we went in the black hull no light moved
But a gull white-winged along the feckless wave,
The breeze, unseen but fierce as a body loved,
That boat drove onward like a willing slave:

Where we went in the small ship the seaweed
Parted and gave to us the murmuring shore,
And we made feast and in our secret need
Devoured the very plates Aeneas bore:

Where derelict you see through the low twilight
The green coast that you, thunder-tossed, would win,
Drop sail, and hastening to drink all night
Eat dish and bowl to take that sweet land in!

Where we feasted and caroused on the sandless
Pebbles, affecting our day of piracy,
What prophecy of eaten plates could landless
Wanderers fulfil by the ancient sea?

We for that time might taste the famous age
Eternal here yet hidden from our eyes
When lust of power undid its stuffless rage;
They, in a wineskin, bore earth's paradise.

Let us lie down once more by the breathing side
Of Ocean, where our live forefathers sleep
As if the Known Sea still were a month wide—
Atlantis howls but is no longer steep!

What country shall we conquer, what fair land
Unman our conquest and locate our blood?
We've cracked the hemispheres with careless hand!
Now, from the Gates of Hercules we flood

Westward, westward till the barbarous brine
Whelms us to the tired land where tasseling corn,
Fat beans, grapes sweeter than muscadine
Rot on the vine: in that land were we born. *1933*

The Eye

λαιδρη κορωνη, κως το χειλος
ουκ αλγεις —Callimachus

To the memory of E. E. Cummings

I see the horses and the sad streets
Of my childhood in an agate eye
Roving, under the clean sheets,
Over a black hole in the sky.

The ill man becomes the child,
The evil man becomes the lover;
The natural man with evil roiled
Pulls down the sphereless sky for cover.

I see the gray heroes and the graves
Of my childhood in the nuclear eye—
Horizons spent in dun caves
Sucked down into the sinking sky.

The happy child becomes the man,
The elegant man becomes the mind,
The fathered gentleman who can
Perform quick feats of gentle kind.

I see the long field and the noon
Of my childhood in the carbolic eye,
Dissolving pupil of the moon
Seared from the raveled hole of the sky.

The nice ladies and gentlemen,
The teaser and the jelly-bean
Play cockalorum-and-the-hen,
When the cool afternoons pour green:

I see the father and the cooling cup
Of my childhood in the swallowing sky
Down, down, until down is up
And there is nothing in the eye,

Shut shutter of the mineral man
Who takes the fatherless dark to bed,
The acid sky to the brain-pan;
And calls the crows to peck his head. *1948*

Madness

The wardrobe towers above the table lamp,
The harpsichord stands sentinel between;
The clock's tin argument whines out its damp
Terror, like an eyelid winking through a screen.

Young bats around the hills like sands are whirring
Past clouds of roosting vultures sick with flight,
Till the rag carpet on the hardwood stirring
Wrinkles to winds which are a swift delight.

Impanelled walls, raging with gloom, abound
In commonplaces to moralize the eye—
Which are white cats whose slick metallic sound
Cuts to the heart with a half-completed lie.

And ladies with their nails prepared for tea
And sunken barques that coast the shores of hell
And old men vacant of propriety
Have faintly rung a next-door neighbor's bell.

On the iron cot the coverlets are neat
With the bold care of an ecstatic trull
Who rearranges with impartial feet
The silence in the caverns of a skull. *1925*

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Selling Our Own Backyard

America for Sale
by Kenneth C. Crowe
Doubleday, 312 pp., $10

by Robert Lekachman

PATRIOTIC DEVOTION to the home market is in our day the last refuge of entrepreneurs either too small to operate on the global stage or, like the steelmakers, too inefficient to hold their own in foreign company. OPEC aside, the single most spectacular economic event of the last generation is the ascent to marketing dominion of multinational corporations that shuffle capital and human talent from country to country on the hunt for cheap labor, handy raw materials, favorable tax arrangements, and compliant politicians. Admirers of the global conglomerates are many and fervent. "Working through great corporations," exults George Ball, investment banker and a former Undersecretary of State, "men are able for the first time to utilize world resources with an efficiency dictated by the objective logic of profit." The venerable philosopher of corporate management Peter Drucker celebrates a "global shopping center," created and directed by international conglomerates. Those who understand profit best value national boundaries least. The statelessness of capital was never better exemplified than by ARAMCO's dutiful administration of Saudi Arabian oil policy during and after the Yom Kippur War, even though, for a spell, that policy denied supplies to the country in which most members of the ARAMCO consortium were chartered.

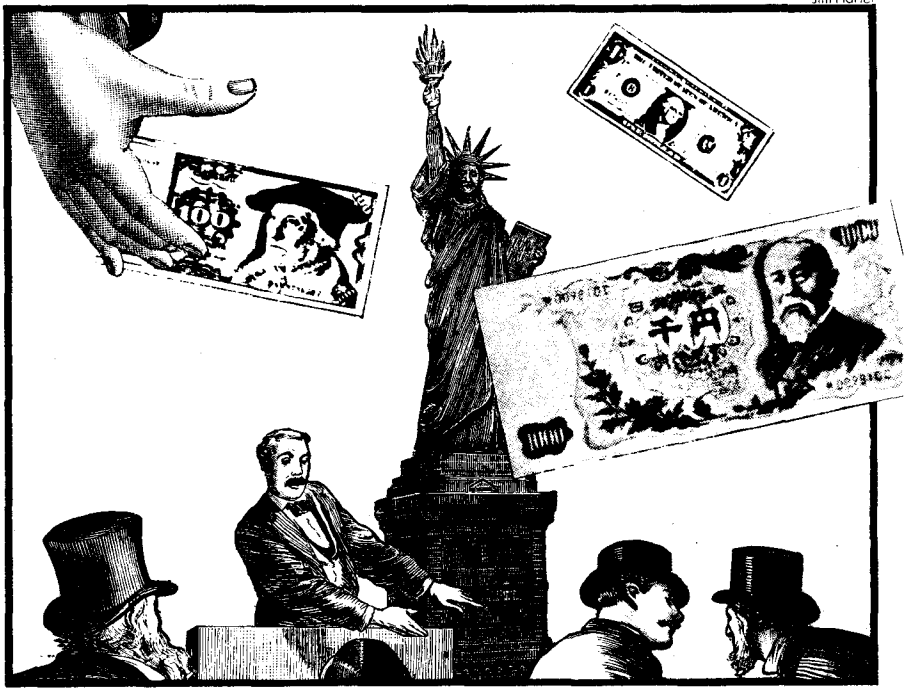
Until OPEC taught us to revise our notions of how the world economy functions, most Americans took it for granted that foreign investment was American money sent abroad to multiply, not investment by foreigners in American assets. But as Kenneth Crowe points out in *America for Sale*, a useful assessment of the second phenomenon, foreign money has always been attracted to opportunities in the New World. British capital constructed American railroads in the 19th century. When we entered World War I in 1917, much of "our" chemical industry was German-owned.

America has always been for sale. So, for that matter, has the rest of the world. The novelty upon which Crowe focuses his reportage and analysis of available governmental information is twofold: the identity of some of the purchasers of America and the massive supplies of cash that accompany them. OPEC's price revolution generates approximately $100 billion of new revenue annually, most of it ticketed to the Middle East, with the largest single hunk marked for Saudi Arabia. Hence the pleasant but nonetheless difficult problem that has been confronting Middle Eastern rulers and finance ministers. What on earth should they do with all the money? Most of the answers to date appear to be a combination of huge deposits in American banks, purchase of quantities of real estate and government securities, and direct investment in American banks and public corporations. On the last item the evidence is elusive because the Securities and Exchange Commission requires corporations to reveal ownership only when a single owner is in possession of 5 percent or more of voting stock. Crowe, who relies heavily upon the hearings and reports of Senator Frank Church's Subcommittee on Foreign Economic Policy, shares the frustrations of its members at the veil of secrecy that legally protects uncertain amounts of investments to be made by unknown foreigners.

Even before OPEC's coup a second alteration in our international situation was under way. We were running an increasingly unfavorable balance of trade between ourselves and Japan and the stronger of the western European economies. In an embarrassing list of such specialties as steel, autos, TV sets, textiles, and cameras, Japanese merchandise was at least competitive in price to the domestic product and usually of higher quality. To read in *Consumer Reports* of the superior reliability of Japanese Toyotas and Hondas was a particular shock to the middle-aged American, brought up in the comfortable belief that Japanese meant junk. As with the Japanese, so also in only slightly lesser degree with the Germans, Dutch, and Swiss. Naturally the dollar has declined in value against the yen, deutsche mark, guilder, and Swiss franc. The holders of these increasingly valuable currencies can accordingly buy more dollars. Everything American, including our factories and common stocks, has become a bargain for German and Japanese investors.

Politics are a third reason why foreign money floods American markets and contributes to a property boom in poor old Manhattan. Not only are there socialists and Communists in western Europe, there are also terrorists who threaten life and property. Alone among the major western economies, the United States is free of both terrorism and an organized political left. Ours are the most conservative politics in the capitalist universe. Money in search of safety soon either comes here or goes to small but financially mighty Switzerland.

For these reasons, discussed persuasively by Crowe, the significance of foreign ownership stands certain to increase unless OPEC dissolves, American businessmen recover their élan, our politics become radical, or European terrorism disappears. None of these events is impossible, but none is likely or foreseeable. Should we cheer


Jim Harter

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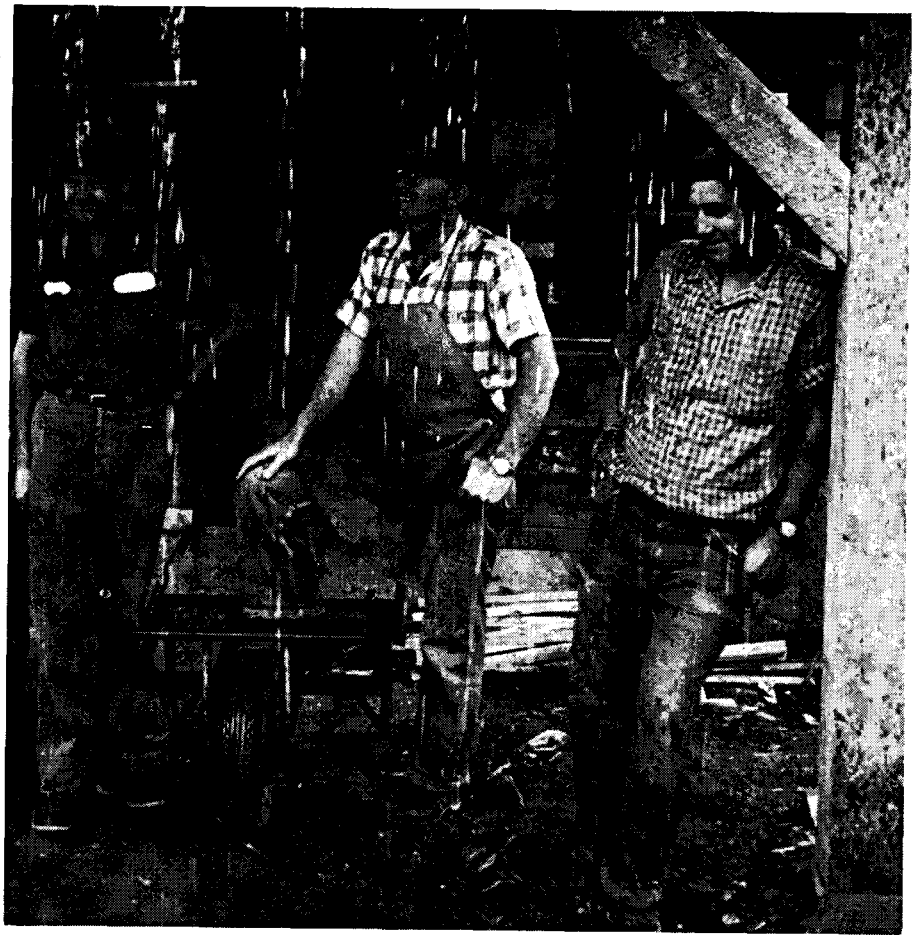
or cry at the increasing prominence of foreigners on the American scene? Does it really matter that Australian Rupert Murdoch operates an offensive newspaper in San Antonio and a tedious one in New York, with *New York*, *New West*, and *The Village Voice* thrown in for good measure? Should we tremble when Arab money acquires a Detroit bank or an island off the Carolina coast?

The answers to these and similar questions are not self-evident. They all depend upon motive and circumstance. Influence is difficult to quantify, but it surely follows upon the flow of money. Ten years ago Congress would not have approved the sale of our best fighter planes to Saudi Arabia because of the anguished opposition of the Israelis and their political supporters. The First Amendment stands in no worse peril from Rupert Murdoch than from most of his fellow publishers but, on the other hand, nothing legally restrains the Saudis from acquiring control of one or more major newspapers. Most of the smaller American cities boast only a single paper.

It is only prudent to attend to the relative magnitudes. As Crowe sensibly observes, "The United States is so vast a land of corporations and coal mines, wheat fields and oil fields, that it is rare to find a foreigner dominating any segment of our major industries." Americans are probably still investing more in other countries than the rest of the world is investing here. No doubt the British own 54 percent of the Prudhoe Bay oil on Alaska's North Slope. On the other hand, American oil companies have bought into Britain's North Sea fields, and Standard Oil of Indiana is busily drilling in the Gulf of Suez. It is perhaps startling that 122 American banks are foreign-controlled and that their assets amount to $90 billion. Wonder and alarm may subside at the additional information that we are blessed by 14,689 banks in command of $1.15 *trillion* in assets.

At the end of 1976, foreign investment in this country was $480.3 billion, about a quarter of one year's Gross National Product. That $30 billion of this money was directly invested does raise issues of control worth attention where the activities are sensitive, as in defense industries. Short-term bank deposits of $18 billion are concentrated in Chase, Citibank, and a few other very large banks. If shifted, this hot money could cause great trouble to the banking system. It could indeed be withdrawn in a new Middle Eastern crisis, though the pain that would be inflicted upon the Saudis might be nearly as great as the



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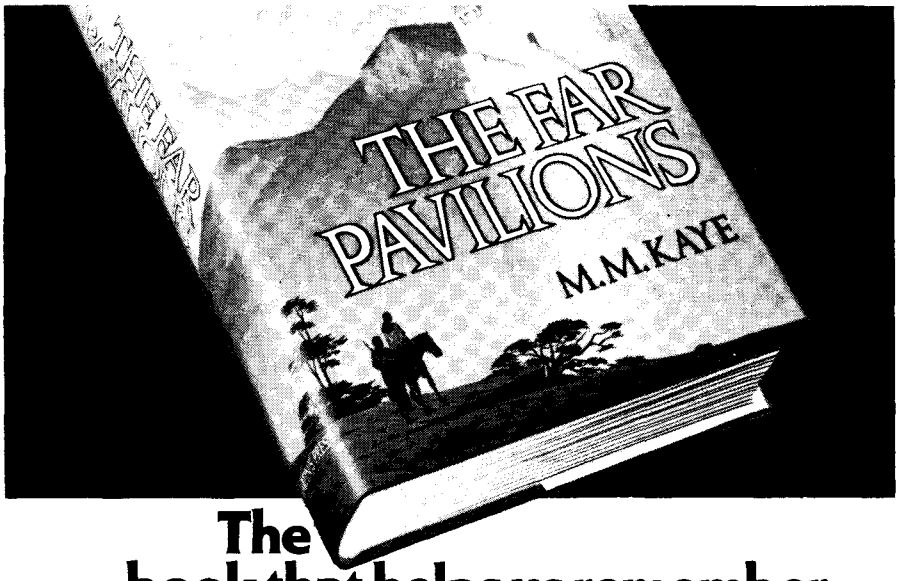

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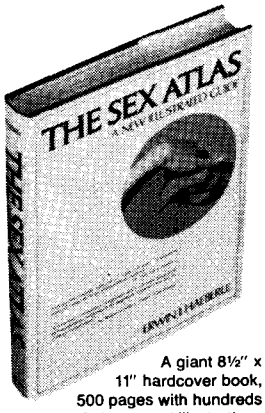

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suffering they would inflict on us.

There is also a positive side to foreign investments. The communities in which foreign companies have opened new plants usually perceive their presence as a great blessing. A number of towns in several states competed vigorously to attract Volkswagen's Rabbit plant, which ultimately went to New Stanton, Pennsylvania. Tentative plans by Honda and Datsun to build assembly plants in the United States have evoked similar responses. Congressman Henry Reuss, usually a sober soul, evaluates Kikkoman's teriyaki and soy sauce plant in his native Wisconsin in glowing terms: "Today, Kikkoman is a howling success.... There are 50 new jobs, a brand-new $9 million plant.... Our balance of payments is helped and the new Japanese families are much in demand at Rotary luncheons, and are a delight to the local school system." Will the Japanese save the American public schools? In the little town of Auburn, in New York's Finger Lakes district, the Japanese have opened a new mini steel mill, and the Rising Sun flutters side by side with the Stars and Stripes outside the town hall.

Journalists professionally view the situation with alarm. Crowe is no exception. "We must," he warns, "formulate an economic equivalent of the Monroe Doctrine—a national policy which clearly prohibits foreign governments or their agencies from making controlling investments in corporate America and which would impose on the Commerce Department its own suggested role of a continuous monitoring, analysis, and disclosure of the impact of all foreign investments, private and government, on the nation's economy." One Monroe Doctrine is more than enough, but Crowe's second recommendation makes good sense. We definitely need more information.

I remarked at the outset that *America for Sale* is a useful volume. It would be considerably more useful if its organization were less casual, its prose more attractive, its comparisons more frequent, and its analysis less primitive. Nevertheless, we have reason to be grateful for this interim report on a subject that is likely to become more important. Until Congress requires fuller disclosure of foreign holdings, *America for Sale* furnishes a good summary of available information. ◉

Robert Lekachman teaches economics at Lehman College, City University of New York. He is the author of Economists at Bay *and a contributor to numerous periodicals.*

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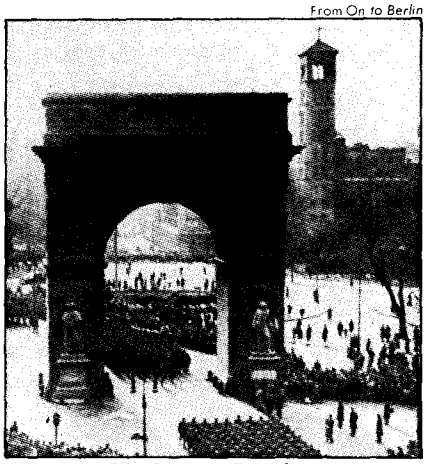
Books in Brief

On to Berlin: Battles of an Airborne Commander, 1943–1946
by James M. Gavin
Viking, 320 pp., $14.95

From On to Berlin



The Victory Parade at Washington Square, New York City.

General Gavin led and fought with the famous 82nd Airborne Division from Casablanca to Sicily to Rome to Normandy to Holland and the Ardennes to the crossing of the Elbe and finally to Berlin itself, where the victorious Allies paraded up Unter den Linden. Along the way, Gavin participated in the development of techniques and strategies of parachute operations and in the use of vital small-unit attack groups (tactics that had been entirely neglected by the United States). These military advancements were instrumental in our overcoming the original lead held by the Nazis and the Soviet Union ("We just couldn't make sense out of all those men and airplanes," a Russian colonel told Gavin).

Gavin wastes not a paragraph, or even a sentence, agonizing over the rightness or wrongness of our position in World War II. The belief that our cause was just is implicit throughout. His most serious speculation concerns the reasons why we stepped aside and let the Reds take Berlin. He contends that it was our most serious mistake.

Gavin's narrative is colorful and rich in incident. Consider the American troops' "triumphant entry" into Naples: "I had never put anything like that together in my life, and visions crossed my mind of Napoleon's colorfully clad soldiers entering European capitals that had just capitulated, beautiful nubile women leaning over the balconies tossing flowers, much waving of handkerchiefs, and bands playing." General Mark Clark was to lead the column to Garibaldi Square, which Gavin, after some scrutiny of a city map, discovered was in front of the railroad station. On the march to the square, not a soul was visible among the wreckage that lined the ghostly streets, although here and there eyes peeked out from behind closed shutters. "Later I learned that thousands of people had massed at the Piazza Plebiscito about a mile away in another part of the city. It was here that the conquerors traditionally had been received, and the people had assumed that that was where the Allied generals would make their appearance."

I don't know how the post-Korea and the post-Vietnam generations will react to Gavin's book, which is in essence a refinement of the kind of stories old war buddies, grown too paunchy to fit into their uniforms, spin for each other. But as one from the other side of the great "moral divide," I found it great reading.

—GEORGE H. REEVES

Visions of Glory: A History and a Memory of the Jehovah's Witnesses
by Barbara Grizzuti Harrison
Simon & Schuster, 416 pp., $12.95

Barbara Grizzuti Harrison entered the service of Jehovah at age nine. An "Italian working-class Shirley Temple," she followed her mother into the Watch Tower Bible and Tract Society and, for a dozen years, observed the elusive letter and stern spirit of the sect that awaits Armageddon. *Visions of Glory* explores the "mysterious ... leap of belief" that carried Harrison to the first order of Jehovah's Witnesses and tracks her tremulous retreat to secular life and, at book's end, Christian humanism.

Harrison's work presents a mix of religious history, social perception, and psychological speculation. It is full of judgments, statistics, and vignettes about the Witnesses and their global activities as a foundation for the author's willful account of personal redemption. If Harrison occasionally splices unmatched strands of conviction and invective, she conveys the sense of apocalypse and solemn purpose that governed her life when she considered herself a "publisher of the Kingdom news." She also reports paradoxes of Watch Tower achievement. Although, for example, Americans now benefit from legal precedents set at the society's insistence on freedom of religion, the Witnesses drew a line between politics and morality and refused to condemn Nazi persecution of evangelicals and Catholics and Jews.

This history and memory fuse in a cross-grained meditation on faith, dogma, and rites of passage. The author, steeped in feminism, seeks to resolve what she calls "the most interesting problem for ... people who grew up in the Fifties, [uniting] the personal and the political." *Visions of Glory* attains less than it aims for, but the book provides a distinctive record of a millennial church and one of its renegades.

—LINCOLN CAPLAN

The Thirties and After
by Stephen Spender
Random House, 225 pp., $10

As early as 1935, in *Writers and Manifestos*, Spender declared his subject to be the moral life of his time, adding that "the precise difficulty is ... to find the real moral subject." Skepticism regarding what could be established as "real" is as natural to Spender as absolutism was to Auden, and one can easily read this collection of excerpts drawn from the poet's journals over half a century as representative of the soul-searching of the individual Western conscience since World War I.

The theme of the artist's responsibility in the public arena dominates the book. Young Spender is as fired by the Spanish Civil War as he is by the literary events of the day. He enthusiastically joins, and is summarily booted from, the Communist Party. He is sobered by the strife of the Forties. But these early selections lack force—Spender was slow to mature as a writer. His journal of the Fifties, when he served as co-editor of the CIA-sponsored *Encounter*, is the highlight of the book. Spender's descriptions of his meetings and conflicts with Malraux, Koestler, Sartre, Herbert Read, Merleau-Ponty, and other legislators of our moral life whom he met on the conference circuit, are fascinating in themselves, and may serve as a window on the McCarthy era.

Literature in this context begins with Yeats, Lawrence, Virginia Woolf, and Eliot and ends with the deaths of MacNeice, Cyril Connolly, and Auden. The literary essays (and poems) collected in *The Thirties and After* are fine as far as they go, but one is struck by the respectful Thirties Generation clubbiness of Spender's views. In fact, despite the new introductions to each section, time seems arrested in the world *entre deux guerres*, as if all that came after were a mere postscript to the Thirties. As the only surviving member of the Auden Generation, Spender concludes, "I feel myself to have entered into the area of the posthumous."

—CAROLE COOK

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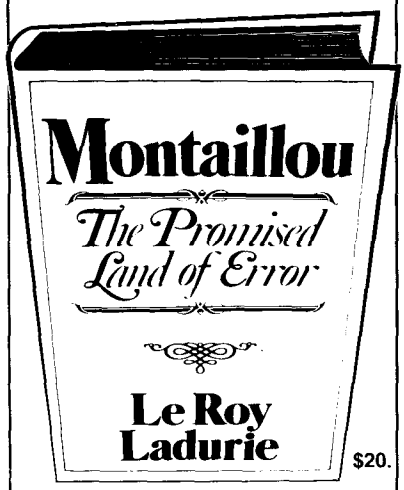

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LOOKOUT

Sand Storms the Shelves

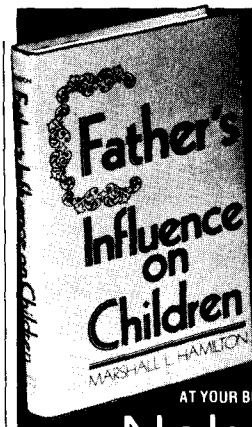
Queen of the Romantics, George Sand still reigns. Renee Winegarten's *The Double Life of George Sand: Woman and Writer* (Basic Books, November) analyzes Sand's struggle to reconcile the warring factions within her: wife, mother, lover, and writer. Since June we have been able to experience the raging of this tempest firsthand in the new English version of Sand's *Winter in Majorca* (Academy Press). Annotated and translated from the French by Robert Graves, this memoir will be accompanied by reprints of hard-to-get translations of the novelist's works. And we see still more of this grand dame of literature in the pages of George Marek's *Chopin* (Harper & Row, October), where Sand's celebrated relationship with the composer is well documented.

This fall, Anthony Burgess may share the throne with Queen Sand. *SR*'s Man from Monaco has accomplished the prodigious feat of publishing two works in one month. Burgess spends the first half of *1985* (Little, Brown, October) in a critical discussion of the Orwell classic, *1984*. Part two is his own novel, a reinterpretation of the Big Brother nightmare. And for Hemingway aficionados, Burgess tosses his hat into the ring with *Ernest Hemingway and His World*, an essay, illustrated with photographs, on the writer's life and work (Scribner's, October).

The most controversial book of the season may be *The Teamsters* (Simon & Schuster, October)—if it gets out of the publishing house. Security is so tight that only the editors have been permitted to see this blockbuster by Steven Brill. Jimmy Hoffa, the Mob, and America's largest and most powerful union are featured. An offer you cannot refuse.

How often is it that you get to ask one of the world's most esteemed economists what the heck a multinational is? For answers to this and other puzzlers, you can join free-lance journalist Nicole Salinger, as she draws John Kenneth Galbraith into a lucid and practical discussion of basic economic theory in *Almost Everyone's Guide to Economics* (Houghton Mifflin, October). Guaranteed to be palatable to virtually anyone.

S.O.



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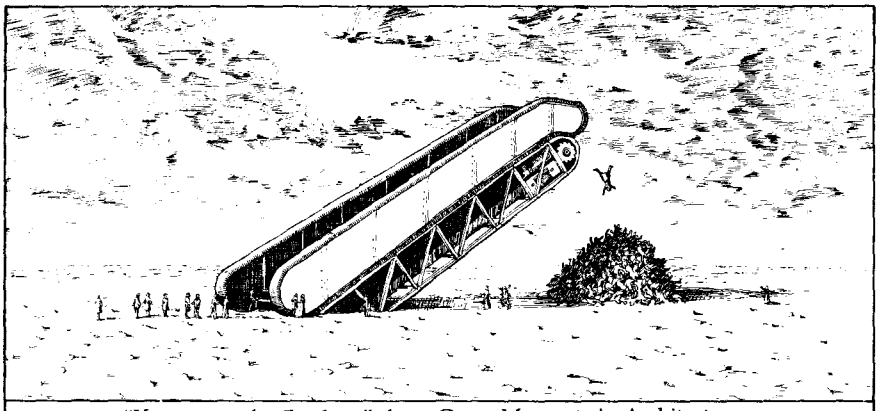

"Homage to the Escalator" from Great Moments in Architecture.

I HAVE AN apostolic purpose in this early fall column. I want to convert as many persons as possible to six books written and illustrated by David Macaulay, all published by Houghton Mifflin. The first five were clearly intended for intelligent children and adolescents: *Castle* ($9.95), *Cathedral* ($9.95), *City* ($9.95), *Pyramid* ($8.95), and *Underground* ($9.95). The last, *Great Moments in Architecture* ($11.95), is a wildly irreverent volume that makes fun with pictures of every kind of architectural subject. It is for an adult audience, though I can imagine a very informed child laughing at some of the drawings.

The five children's books are large—9 1/2 inches by 11 inches. Each is a graphic, thorough exploration of the construction, and the workings, of its subject. *Underground* is the only book with a modern subject, the story of what a big city looks like underground, with its unbelievably complex steam distribution systems, electric cables, water and sewage pipes, gas and telephone lines, and subway tunnels.

My favorites are the ones with historic subjects. *City* shows precisely how the Romans planned and then built their cities. From the moment, in 25 B.C., that the priest sacrifices a rabbit and pheasant (actually to see if their livers are healthy after having lived in that place) on the site the surveyors have chosen, we watch the growth of a great city from pitched tents to roads, aqueducts, homes, and places of recreation. Macaulay has drawn all the tools used for this great enterprise. There is even the thread of a narrative as we follow two characters: Marcus Lucinus, whose house we study in detail and whose bakery we watch operate, and Lucius Julius, with whose "apartment house" we become intimately familiar.

Macaulay's best achievements are his two medieval volumes, *Cathedral* (1973), his first book now in its seventh printing, and *Castle* (1977). In *Cathedral* he pretends that in 1252 a group of sour-faced clergymen in Chutreaux, France, decide to give money for the construction of a cathedral. Flemish architect William of Planz is called to design the building and to supervise its construction. Macaulay takes us through the cathedral's erection step by step with a series of superb drawings. Nothing is left out: We see the workmen who do the heavy work, the master craftsmen with their tools; we watch as the excavation is dug, the foundation laid, the stone framework built, and the columns constructed for the roof.

There is one magnificent view from the beams and rafters of the unfinished roof, looking down from a great height to the nave. On the opposite page a gargoyle (used as part of the downspout system) waits to be hoisted by windlass into position. Eighty-six years later, on August 19, 1338, we see the finished building through the eyes of the grandchild of a man who helped lay the foundation. Perched on the shoulders of his father he watches the service of thanksgiving for the completion of "the longest, widest, highest, and most beautiful cathedral in all of France."

In the imaginary *Castle*, a Caldecott Honor Book (as was *Cathedral*), Edward I of Wales gives the hero, Lord Kevin, land on which he builds a castle and a town in the 13th century. Macaulay's learning informs his imagination. We are provided with the best possible stance from which to watch the castle, its outer curtain, the moat, rooms, towers, and the outside huts go up. We watch as the whole structure is whitewashed with lime to give it "the appearance of having been carved from a single enormous piece of stone." Inevitably the castle is attacked, the wall almost underlined by sappers. But its defenses are strong and the enemy is turned back. The group of huts around the castle grows into the town of Aberwyvern, eventually superseding the castle in importance. Wonderful story, brilliant drawings.

I have left out *Pyramid*, an equally interesting book whose nature and contents you can gather from the others I have described. Lucky the child who learns about the past from David Macaulay's illuminating books. And, come to think of it, happy the adult who never quite understood how those stones were placed to make a pyramid, or what goes on under his feet on a city street, and now does. Me, for instance.

I do not mean to review the long out-of-print and now classic novel *Their Eyes Were Watching God* (1937), by Zora Neale Hurston, but only to tell you it is once again available (University of Illinois Press, $3.95 paper) and to urge you to read it. This extraordinary fictional achievement is now considered the finest black novel of its time (and surely it is one of the finest of all time). After a long period of neglect, Hurston is coming back into public notice—primarily through the devoted work of Alice Walker, who brought Hurston's *Mules and Men* to our attention, and the recent excellent biography by Robert E. Hemenway, *Zora Neale Hurston* (University of Illinois Press, $15). Janie, the heroine of *Their Eyes*, is a beautifully drawn, almost universal woman. But the great value of this book lies in Hurston's use of language and in the graphic images delivered in southern patois ("Ah don't aim to worry mah gut into a fiddle string wid no s'posing'").

On second thought, I take back the classification of *Their Eyes* as a "black novel." Zora Neale Hurston's work belongs in the category—with that of William Faulkner, F. Scott Fitzgerald, and Ernest Hemingway—of enduring American literature.◉

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TRADE WINDS

Conglomerate Busting

by Walter Arnold

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH, the nearest personage we have to a poet laureate, fairly stunned an audience of publishers and other book people recently during a ceremony at which he was awarded the National Medal for Literature. The poet spent most of his acceptance speech denouncing conglomerate take-overs of formerly independent publishing houses. (There have been 300 mergers in the past 20 years, and the trend continues apace.) Mr. MacLeish warned of the threat to the advancement of knowledge and literature posed by large corporations whose ultimate interest is in the "bottom line" on their publishing division's financial statements, and he called the take-over companies "corporate carnivores who have a high devotion to private profit at the expense of everything else."

For many publishers, independence is a dream of former days. For example, Viking was bought by Penguin, which belongs to The Pearson Group, an international holding company. E. P. Dutton belongs to Elsevier of Holland, one of the oldest printers and publishers in the world. RCA owns Random House, Pantheon, Knopf, and Ballantine Books; CBS owns Holt, Rinehart & Winston, Frederick Praeger, Popular Library, and Fawcett; MCA owns Putnam's, Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, and Berkley paperbacks; and Gulf & Western owns Simon & Schuster and Pocket Books. The owners of these so-called vertical conglomerates are outside publishing, and the presidents and editors in chief of houses owned by these giants often protest that their publishing decisions are never interfered with from above. That may be so—as long as the publishers are making a sufficient margin of profit.

There are also internal, or horizontal, publishing conglomerates. Doubleday, which is the largest single trade house and book club owner (of the Literary Guild, for example), owns Dell and its subimprints, Dial, Delacorte, and Delta Books; Harper & Row owns Basic Books, Barnes & Noble, T. Y. Crowell, and J. B. Lippincott; and Time Inc. owns Little, Brown (which owns the New York Graphic Society Press) and The Book-of-the-Month Club in addition to its own magazines and mail-order book operations. The corporate masters of these horizontal conglomerates are at least in the book business, but their devotion to bigness leads to approximately the same results on publishing decisions as those of the vertical powers.

WHY THE UPROAR over such mergers? One reason is the dangerous concentration of national market power in fewer and fewer big houses, with a concurrent reduction in the variety of editorial options open to authors and to the reading public. Moreover, the 50 largest publishers account for around 75 percent of the total annual national book business. But there are really only eight giant houses that agents and authors clamor after. (They are Doubleday, Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, Macmillan, McGraw-Hill, Prentice-Hall, Random House, Simon & Schuster, and Time Inc.) In the telling phrase of Richard Snyder, president of Simon & Schuster, these houses may become "like the seven sisters of the oil business." Already, the 10 largest mass-market paperback houses, every one of which is owned by a conglomerate, account for 90 percent of the annual market. And two companies' book clubs (Doubleday's and Time Inc.'s) account for over 50 percent of all book club sales. Obviously, if this trend continues, general book publishing could become like commercial television, a national junkyard dominated by a few networks that are, in turn, slaves to ratings measured by the lowest common denominator of interest.

Certain consequences of this trend should be clear: Increased market power and the "deep pocket" of conglomerates drive up the stakes while they drive down the standards all around. In the harried, driven hunt for ephemeral "blockbusters," often mediocre books, for which ridiculous sums of money are paid (and not always made), are designated "A" books by their publishers and get most of the promotional attention, while often solid and potentially lasting books are designated "B" books and left to shift for themselves. (A lot of publishers obviously try to be self-fulfilling prophets.) At the same time, this industrialization of literature brings the attempt to apply cost-benefit efficiency to an at-bottom intuitive and personal business. The resulting increased bureaucratization adds to the overhead, which is then added to the cost of the books, thus sending prices remorselessly up.

True enough, many of the formerly independent houses would probably have had to go out of business sooner or later had they not been bought and given new capital. (And many would not have; greed for more clout is another powerful motive for selling out or buying up.) But aside from the fact that, editorially speaking, many of these houses might just as well have gone out of business, there is the perfectly good argument that if a publisher can't manage itself or judge its market successfully after a reasonable amount of time, then it has done what it could and should make way for the many new independent houses that happily keep cropping up despite everything.

Encouragingly, the alarm is being transmitted, and a number of attempts are being made to alert the public and halt or reverse this process of conglomeration, oligopoly, and concentration of power in book publishing. The Authors Guild, the largest organization of professional writers in America, has petitioned Congress to investigate the trend in conglomerate take-overs in a series of brilliantly argued briefs, backed up by statements of such leading authors as John Hersey, Herman Wouk, and James Michener. (In fact the guild's and other protests and petitions recently nipped in the bud a possible bid by Western Pacific Industries to take over Boston's Houghton Mifflin.) And Congress is investigating the trend: Senator Kennedy's Subcommittee on Antitrust and Monopoly has already begun hearings on publishing and will resume them shortly. Congressmen Morris Udall and Robert Kastenmeier have called for hearings in the House. The guild has also petitioned the Federal Trade Commission and the Justice Department to investigate specific past mergers such as Time Inc. and The Book-of-the-Month Club. And the Justice Department has filed charges against CBS to compel it to undo its purchase of Fawcett Books. Best of all, an increasingly critical public wants to know more about publishing practices and about the people who edit and publish the books that they buy. ◉

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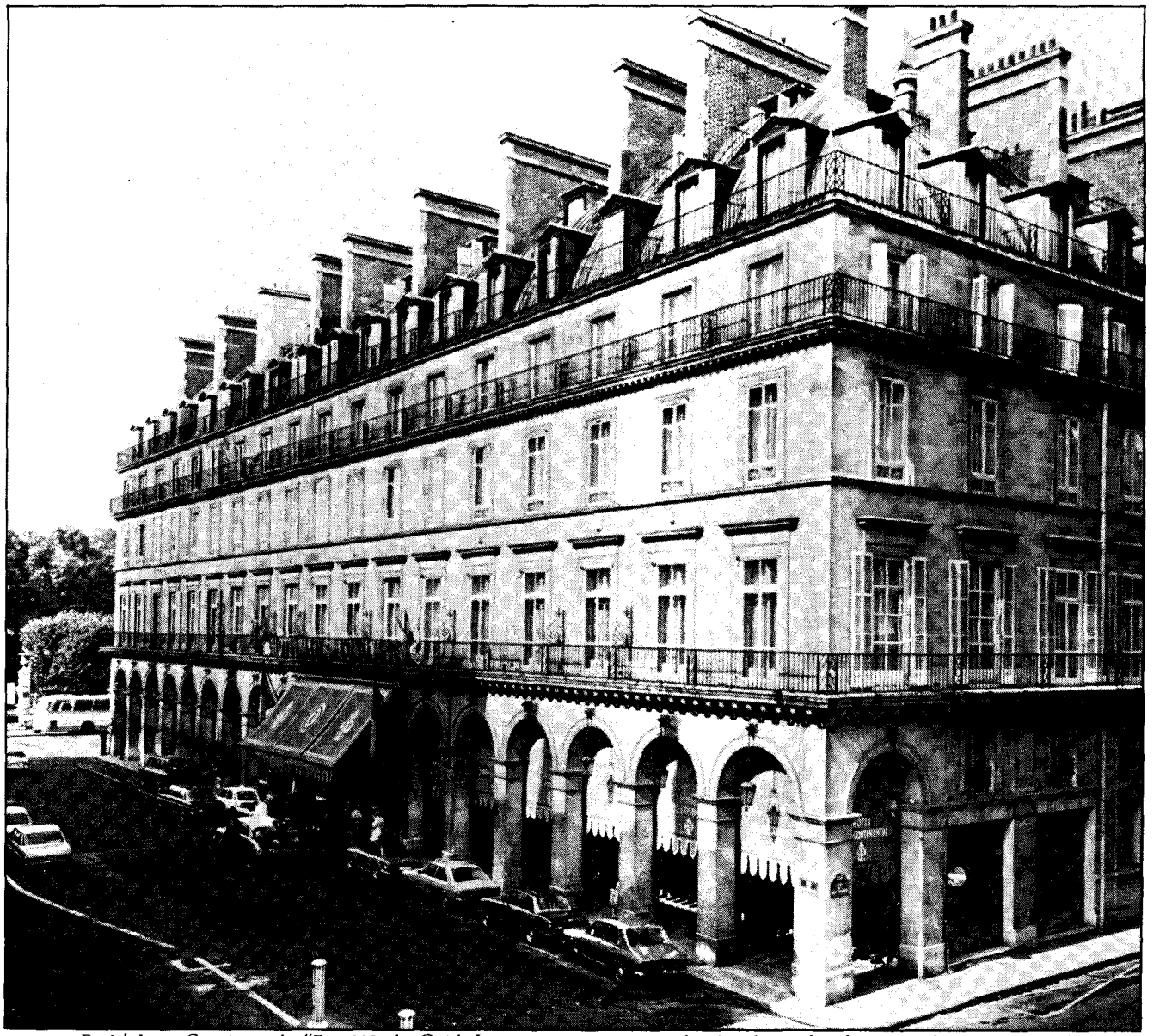
BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

A Paris Potpourri

by Horace Sutton



Paris's Inter-Continental—"By 1892, the Guide Joanne wrote accounts of its lunches at five francs, its dinners at seven."

THE SUMMER of '78 in Europe may well be crossed off and counted as a late winter. It marked the year of the coldest and wettest Wimbledon in memory. The Paris *Herald* carried a photograph of a July snow in Switzerland. And lining up for cabs between the two massive candelabra that mark the entrance to the Inter-Continental in Paris one July night, a number of patrons had reached back into winter closets to retrieve their furs.

When the sun finally broke through the chill, gray mass of clouds, it not only cheered the soul, but it warmed the genie's lamp of imagination. Looking out the window of the Inter-Continental, a hotel suffused this summer in the nostalgia of its 100th anniversary, one could look across the rue de Rivoli beyond the iron railings into the Tuileries, the gardens begun by Catherine de'Medici in the middle of the 16th century. A hundred years later came Le Nôtre, the master landscaper, to create the dramatic touches that still endure.

With the sunlight streaming down the Rivoli and splashing the trees of the park, one could swing open the double French doors and dream of the demonstrations that took place in the summer of 1792, driving Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette from the gardens to take refuge in the Manège, the covered riding school that had been taken over by the Legislative Assembly. The royal guards protected the royal family, but Louis had ordered the guards not to fire on the demonstrators, and in the riot the guardsmen were set upon by the mob and most were killed.

The Manège stood on the site of what was to become the rue de Castiglione and the rue de Rivoli, an old

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The Continental's courtyard in the Thirties—"doing its potted-palm best to induce an air of the Belle Epoque."

Roman byway that was fashioned into a handsome arcaded street to honor Bonaparte's successful campaign in the north of Italy in 1796. That Castiglione corner, nearly a century later, was prepared for the building of a fine hotel that would accommodate the dignitaries who would come to the Universal Exhibition of 1878, the world's fair that would expunge the *douleur* that had settled over France in the wake of the Franco-Prussian War of 1870 and the riots of the Commune that followed.

A creation of Charles Garnier and his son-in-law, Jacques François Blondel, the hotel had 600 rooms, three elevators, and a rooftop terrace where one could sip a drink and peer into the Tuileries across the street. Garnier had finished the Paris Opera four years earlier and the casino at Monte Carlo before that. Garnier and Blondel spared no grandeur in creating what was advertised as the most comfortable, the largest, and the most elegant of the hotels on the continent. All that at room prices that began at 4 francs.

Even by 1892, when it was well seasoned, the Guide Joanne wrote laudatory accounts of the hotel's "balls, concerts, and receptions, its lunches at five francs and dinners at seven, its 600 bedrooms, its elevators, and its post and telegraph." It was a matter to cluck about that there was a phone booth on every floor and that half of the rooms had private baths.

Then as now, in its 100th season, the Continental (it became the Inter-Continental in 1968, a part of Pan American Airways' hotel chain) stands in the very heart of Paris. From the front door on the rue de Castiglione, a turn to the left brings one to the Place Vendôme, the most majestic of Parisian plazas. There, inconspicuous as ever, is the entrance to the Ritz where one can stop for a drink at the so-called Hemingway bar or have a grand luncheon, as I did one day, working over a superb *matelote*, which I would malign were I to describe it as a fish stew, for it was too delicate and refined to be so termed. My French friends insisted on a red wine somewhat to my confusion, claiming it to be easier than white if one planned to return to work.

We made shopping forays up the Faubourg St. Honoré and down the rue de Rivoli. We admired society's pet church in the Place de la Madeleine, and discovered that one can have a stand-up lunch at Fauchon, that supreme nest of comestibles, which is rather like having breakfast at Tiffany's if that house of jewels were to serve things to eat at a counter without stools. There in the window in the buy-it-ready-made-and-eat-it-somewhere-else department were rows of quail wrapped in bacon, quenelles of chicken and of salmon, roasted ducks covered with strawberries cemented in glaze, pâté of shrimp, stuffed crab Antilles style, quail eggs in aspic. In a fashionable world in which all designers and manufacturers celebrate themselves by branding their wares with initials or whole names, Fauchon makes a chocolate cake embossed with a white "F" in confectioners' sugar.

In the middle of all this edible affluence, the lunch crowd was eating standing up, working over club sandwiches, *oeufs Basquaises*, salmon salad, chicken croquettes, and ices offered in a variety of *outré* flavors—pear, pineapple, banana, melon, and, perhaps in deference to the new political amity toward Peking, lichee. Alas, we had lunch plans and couldn't go home boasting that we had eaten standing up at Fauchon's, which might have been a good thing. We did have a chance to price the cake with the white "F." It cost 69 francs or about $15.

One night we slipped around the corner to a modest but agreeable place called Le Soufflé, where the lady in my company elected to open with a cheese soufflé and close with a chocolate one,

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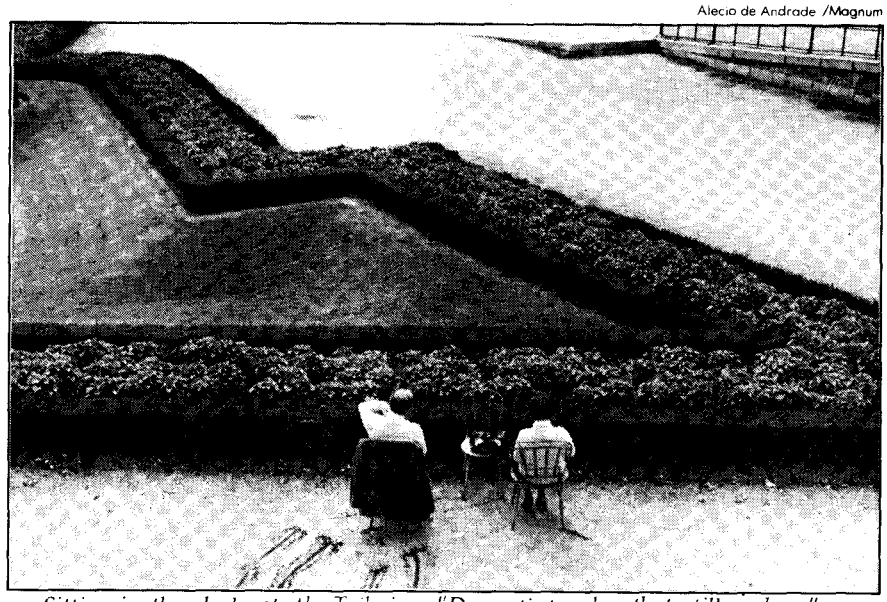
which for reasons either digestive or euphoric—I'm not sure which—had her walking on air for hours. On another night we strolled to the Place du Marché St. Honoré and dined at the Bistro Hubert, the *patron* having been in charge of the cheeses when Le Nôtre, the premier Paris pastry maker, had a short-lived shop in New York. Hubert gave up cheeses for the full kitchen range and serves a blizzard of fly-away pastries called *feuilletés* that cover everything from mushrooms to snails. I should warn you that a modest dinner in which we shared a first course and drank wine sparingly by the glass still managed to relieve us of better than $40 for two. A bistro doesn't necessarily mean a place is inexpensive, a Paris friend informed me; it only means you don't need a tie.

One night a friend who is a member took us to Castel, the lively club where one goes to watch the people rather than the food. Still, the fare was acceptable enough, especially a *terrine de légumes* which came to table in brilliant colors, the slices lying in a pool of claret-hued aspic. The next night we walked along the Champs-Elysées and in front of the movie theaters saw the giant billboard faces of those who had been on view at adjoining tables at Castel 24 hours earlier.

If the Champs appeared, as ever, majestic, it had some new purveyors since last I strolled its broad expanses. Tall, black young Africans, students abroad in Paris, had stationed themselves every few meters along the sidewalk. By the light of lanterns they offered trinkets, bracelets, carved elephants, all goods sent from home to help them subsist in this strange world of cafes, shops, airline offices, gaudy nightclub shows along the lines of the Lido, the curious and ever-packed Drugstore selling everything from records to pâté, and that American importation, McDonald's, which draws the motorcycle crowds who come to the short-order heaven to pay $1.50 for a Big Mac and dream the American life.

One morning we took our coffee and croissants in the Café des Tuileries, the breakfast room of the Inter-Continental, which does its potted-palm best to induce an air of Belle Epoque, the era to which the hotel rightly belongs. The prices of the beautiful period are less easy to duplicate than are the appurtenances that mark the era—one pays nearly $5 for *café complet* now. Lunches at five francs and dinners at seven, which so enraptured the Guide Joanne in 1892, are an antiquity to be stored away with the char-à-bancs that used to take tourists about Paris.

Alecio de Andrade /Magnum



Sitting in the shade at the Tuileries—"Dramatic touches that still endure."

Delivering the goods at Fauchon—"an 'F' in confectioners' sugar."

Still, the Belle Epoquean setting (and no matter the price) of Café des Tuileries is as good a place as any to get in the proper mood for the Jeu de Paume that is the shortest of walks across the corner of the Tuileries from the hotel. Formally, the galleries are collectively called the Museum of Impressionism in Paris; there are those critics who have said it should be properly called the Museum of the Late 19th Century, for the works which are owned by the state include those of painters who were not precisely Impressionists, who functioned only at its edges, or who had embarked on a *démarche* away from it. One might include Van Gogh and Gauguin, Degas and Cézanne, Seurat and Signac. What all had in common, however, was the intense desire to paint as they saw rather than as they were academically bound to perform.

With that in mind one can tread these ancient halls coming with delight and often surprise on Renoir's voluptuous women; Monet's story-filled Woman with a Sunshade, done in 1886; Manet's Olympia and Le Déjeuner sur l'Herbe, a bold expression in which two male students, their picnic over, talk spiritedly in front of a young woman who has removed all her clothes. Baudelaire loved it but the critics thought it defiant, the public was outraged, and Manet, in gray dudgeon, hied off to Spain.

But here are Degas's ballerinas, Toulouse and his clowns, and Seurat and Le Cirque, done in 1891, all of them coloring a life that despite encroachments, still endures on the banks of the Seine. As Winston Churchill once put it, "the old world in its sunset was fair to see." ◉

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SPORTING LIFE

The Soon to Be Missing Links

by Jonathan Evan Maslow

IF YOU'VE EVER hankered after membership in a posh suburban country club, this may be the best time ever to make your move. They tell me that with membership rolls dropping, clubs are hauling warm bodies in off the pitch-'n'-putt courses. Establishments that once had waiting lists so long they landscaped them are holding desperate membership drives.

But I advise ambitious souls to hurry. It may also be your last chance. The private country club of yore—complete with 18-hole championship golf course, Charles Addams clubhouse, pricey pro shop, men's "grill"—is going down fast. One beleaguered New Jersey club president told me, "I don't know one country club in the state that's not in financial trouble. In 10 or 15 years, these clubs will die out. A golf course has become an expensive item. Maybe we'll go back to the old days, when only the really select and wealthy few could afford to play at a private club."

Another club proprietor in the same state sums the situation up this way: "You know any land developers? We're always open for a good bid."

New Jersey typifies the national epidemic afflicting our institutes of status. The state has about 120 private clubs. A few, like Baltusrol and Pine Valley, are so pickled in old wealth as to be permanently unaffected by all but neutron bomb attacks; you can't join places like that unless your name constitutes a foursome all by itself. As for the rest of New Jersey's clubs, I managed to locate a bureaucrat in the state Department of Something or Other whose job entails keeping a running account of their fate. He reports that the number of private golf and country clubs has diminished 5 to 10 percent in the past three years. He sees a trend there, and who am I to argue? I imagine this civil servant, who keeps track of country clubs at the taxpayers' expense, as a kind of Madame Defarge of the bureaucratic revolution, stonily crossing the institutional fatalities off his computer print-out. There goes Haggis Hills, there goes Bigshot Glen, and so forth.

Indeed, this state employee represents, in only a slightly indirect way, the main force behind the decline of country clubs—high property taxes. The fate of the private country club was probably sealed the moment town tax assessors began beating the bushes in their search for ever more cash to pay teachers, policemen, garbagemen, and other self-servants. "Real estate taxes," says one club president. "That's the big nut in rising costs. It's slaughtering us."

In better days, country clubs were assessed somewhere between the value of undeveloped, rural land and the value of improved, residential property. But in recent years, as town, county, and state budgets rise, the trend has been to assess at a "comparable sales" rate—that is, to base valuation on what the club could get if it sold out. All things being equal—which of course they are not on golf courses, or there would be no such thing as pars or handicaps—New Jersey courses are assessed at $7,000 to $8,000 an acre; that is, until you get down into the southern region, where golfers are still said to encounter crazed Hessian mercenaries, AWOL from the British army and foraging the high rough for golf balls to eat. Nevertheless, in accordance with Adam Smith, unused land has a perverse tendency to rise in value as it gets scarcer. And undeveloped tracts are getting scarcer all the time in the one-time Garden State.

Complicating the assessment situation further is the incestuous rise in value of property fronting golf courses. The presence of two or three hundred acres of manicured greenery next door renders your average baronial ranch house considerably more expensive than the same house built next to a sewage treatment plant. Robert Frost notwithstanding, golf courses make better neighbors than fences. Although a stray ball can whistle through open windows and land in the borscht, the only real danger in living next to a course is that your daughter will fall in love with a 30-handicap duffer.

If the surrounding lots go up in value on account of the course, that means the course itself attains greater value, too. You really have to be a tax assessor to follow this twisted logic. In any case, all this has meant an average doubling of country club property taxes in the past 10 years. The club that paid $70,000 in 1968 is now paying $140,000; the club that paid $140,000 in 1968 is now sending emaciated caddies out to the tees to panhandle for the treasury. When the assessor arrives on his annual visitation, the club directors send their pro out to meet him in a tattered raspberry cardigan sweater with the alligator worn off the breast pocket.

This maneuver is employed to remind the assessor of the heartlessness of the modern world. But it does no good. The directors are soon meeting over Perrier to jack up the members' dues. And the repercussions in the clubhouse may easily be imagined. "It's a matter of straight economics," says William Riley, general manager at Essex Fells Country Club in northern New Jersey. "You take an average member, he's a guy between 35 and 50, with two or three kids to put through college. Suddenly he finds that his dues have gone up a thousand dollars, and he's not playing golf as much as he used to; and before you know it, he's canceling his golf membership and maybe just joining the tennis club and pool." A check at a number of New Jersey clubs confirmed Riley's lament: Golf memberships down, general memberships (mostly tennis and clubhouse privileges) holding steady.

Fewer country-club members are willing to shell out to support the links, which tells you something about golfers' allegiance to the sport: It doesn't exist past a certain price. Oh, every now and then you find someone who still plays with the religious devotion of a Scot. I know the president of a very large department store, for example, who left his wife 20 years ago because family life interfered with his game. Informed on the course one day that his only brother had suffered a heart attack and was lying at death's door, the man rushed to the foursome ahead pleading, "Mind if I play through, I've *got* to get to the hospital."

But that sort of loyalty has become ever rarer since the 1920s, when tycoons were not to be bothered during their rounds, even if the market was collapsing and the firm foundering. For the most part, today's upper crust undertakes the game as a social amenity or business necessity. Executives play golf to join the club, not vice versa. And at the first streak of gray in their hair, they dump their mashies and niblicks and rush to safe berths in the grill.

As a result, the multitude of formerly exclusive clubs caught in the economic contretemps must busily learn the fine points of modern marketing and fiscal

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management. One New Jersey club, Florham Park, has opened its links to non-members 12 weekends a year. Others, to lure members, have dropped their stiff initiation fees or added ice hockey rinks as an off-season attraction. Essex County Country Club, in West Orange, saw its taxes jump by half following a local tax court decision; the club recently sold its west course to the county to raise cash. These are short-term measures. The long-term prognosis is not cheery.

Only fringe paranoids believe the state is out to "get" the country clubs. Rather, this attack on social privilege is one more example of the redistribution of society's wealth, from the unorganized to the well-organized, in this case public employees. The cause of country club inflation is no different from our endemic, run-of-the-mill inflation—one social class striving to gain the income advantage over the other social classes.

I see three possible outcomes to the tax plight of the country clubs. The first is that the frail ones may succumb to developers. Developers are often portrayed as the Jaws of the scenario, hungrily mauling a lovely environment and leaving behind something grotesque though useful, like housing. A developer on the Jersey shore was all set to convert a grand 18-hole course called Old Orchard Country Club into a condominium complex—complete with nine-hole course—when the town council rammed the harpoon of delay into his project. The council fretted at the loss of the famous old institution. But why, one should ask, is an attractive group of homes with a semi-public golf course any less socially redeeming than a private-membership country club?

Second, it might turn out that municipalities, after taxing the clubs into ruin, will then turn around and purchase them for public facilities. This is already happening in New Jersey under a program called Green Acres. The state has granted funds to several towns and counties to turn former country clubs into versions of the workers' paradise. The new public proprietors report eminent satisfaction with this method. It keeps the land undeveloped, provides employment and good, clean, public recreation; best of all, the course pays for itself.

"I say, if a town can buy a golf course, buy it," says Paramus Mayor Joseph Cipolla. He purchased the 115-acre Saddle River Club last year with a $2.3 million grant from Green Acres, a $2.2 million bond issue, and a federal public-works grant to renovate the course and 200-year-old clubhouse. "Definitely a self-sustaining, paying proposition," he says. "All the money the course takes in goes right back into its operation. It's a beautiful thing for the town. If you come out here—and remember, we're only 10 miles from New York City—you pay the greens fee and go right out; rarely any waiting at the tees. I've had calls from mayors all over the state who want to buy clubs the way I did."

Very nice indeed for mayors, but not exactly the future envisioned by the country club set. They universally favor property tax relief. In New Jersey, agricultural land won special tax status by constitutional amendment. But when the New Jersey Golf Association sought a similar break for the clubs a while back, the Republican-controlled legislature blanched at the prospect of handing their opponents political ammunition: A tax break for country clubs? Sorry, not this year.

The third possible outcome involves an idea now gaining acceptance in New Jersey. Assess golf clubs at a special "recreational-use land" rate, above the agricultural rate but well below the residential. In return for special status, the club would promise to keep its land *au naturel* for 20 years. If it reneged, the town could collect back taxes at the residential rate. The Golf Association's real estate committee thought it had an auspicious political moment to unveil this proposal last session, but some wiseguys from a tough urban county in north Jersey tried to get amusement parks included in the same category. The country clubs did not like having carnies as cronies. So they are lying low for the moment, "tightening up the wording," as they put it, on their recreational-use land proposal.

The codeword of proponents of private recreational-use land is "greenspace." They argue that golf courses, as greenspaces, provide a valuable land resource for the community. And they probably do. But I hope that state legislators everywhere will see the recreational-use land proposal for what it is: self-interest parading as community need. You can like open spaces and want to maintain undeveloped recreational land without making taxpayers subsidize exclusive country clubs, which, even in their twilight, aren't hurrying to let in Jews, blacks, or single women. Public golf links are just as green as private ones. Besides, you're 10 times as likely at public courses to rub elbows with the real gentry—retired government employees, who are the only ones with enough time and money to take golf seriously any more. ◉

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SATURDAY REVIEW: OUTLOOKS

The Taxpayers' Revolt: Act Two

THE SAGA OF the taxpayers' revolt, as was to be expected, has not ended with the demands for reductions and refunds. Now comes the Second Act, in which answers must be supplied to the question: What services have to be cut?

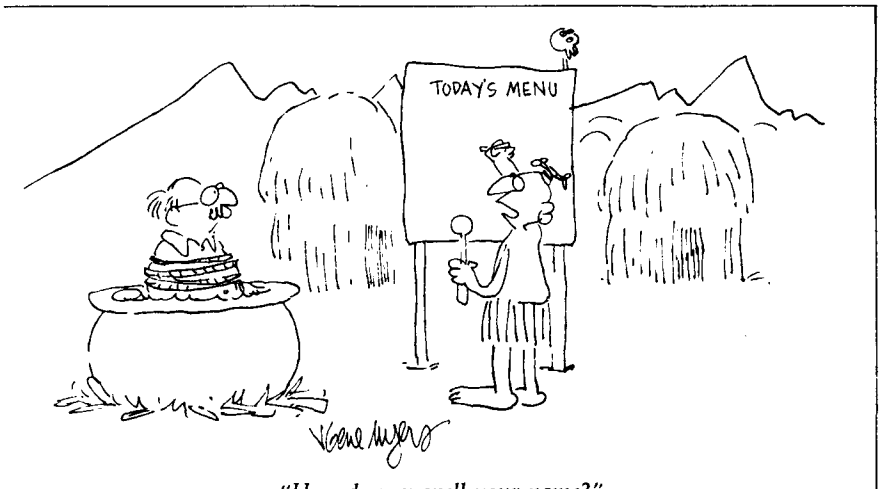
The general idea, during the First Act, was that numberless political sycophants could be lopped off the payroll. It was hardly likely, however, that the politicians would preside over their own dissolution. What is actually happening instead is that the stage is being set for the dismantling of hard-fought gains in the fulfillment of society's responsibility to its citizens.

Education is being marked out as the first casualty. Pent-up prejudices against teachers and teaching are popping out all over. The arts are being derided as secondary to what is believed to be the genuine purpose of education; namely, to teach people to do things for which they will be paid. Research laboratories that can't show measurable progress toward practical goals are being pressured to justify their existence. The concept of a teacher who doesn't have a full teaching load but is given time to think and read or be sequestered in a laboratory or a library—this concept is being gunned down in some places by know-nothings with the zeal and mirthful vindictiveness of a posse closing in on its quarry.

At a time like this, the real failure of education becomes apparent. Education has failed to educate about education. It has failed to provide adequate understanding of the centrality of education in a creative society. Schools have somehow failed to get across the biggest truth of all about learning: that its purpose is to unlock the human mind and to develop it into an organ capable of thought—conceptual thought, analytical thought, sequential thought. Such thought is essential not just for the purpose of making a living but for placing a proper value on the enjoyment of living. The development of human potentiality, not just of earning power (there is no contradiction between the two), is what education is all about. And nothing is more absurd than to disconnect human potentiality from the need to think abstractly.

The place of the fine arts in education is being attacked on practical grounds, but it may well be that education in the arts is the most practical function of education today. The average life expectancy is being pushed into the mid-seventies. Nothing is more wasteful in society than to have people casting about for want of interests. Education in the arts is synonymous with education for increased life expectancy. The same will be true of increased leisure time.

One of the biggest needs of the school is not to teach people to do things but to help them to understand what they are doing. Nothing is easier than to create a society of people in motion; nothing is more difficult than to keep them from going nowhere. The big trick is to get them to think about creating better options—for themselves and the next generation. The making of things, useful though they may be, is not as essential as the making of choices.



"How do you spell your name?"

The term *humanities* serves as a battle cry for those who see the present retrenchment mood of the country as a heaven-sent opportunity to bring education to heel. What the retrenchers don't seem to comprehend is that history and philosophy are not a preoccupation with dead things but a way of avoiding dead ends, a way of opening up the future, a way of accelerating progress precisely because society has to know where it has been if it wants to know where it is going.

The governor of a great western state recently demonstrated his lack of education about education when he made some offhand and slurring references to professors and teachers who loll around doing research when they ought to be carrying a full teaching load. Similar remarks suggest he regards the state university as a secondary function. What makes his attitude deplorable and dangerous is that the greatest investment any state can make in its future is through a great university. And the way to make a university great is not by teaching students to pass examinations but by creating an atmosphere congenial to the pursuit of knowledge. Such pursuit needs ample room for research. It needs to be understood, especially by state officials, that a first-rate research laboratory is not a tidy place where researchers are assigned to well-defined tasks but a serendipitous arena where important things have a good chance of happening precisely because they are not ordered into being. Even perfectly equipped laboratories can become stagnation centers if the people in them are separated from theoretical thought and are expected to produce practical things on schedule. The freedom to explore is the freedom to make mistakes. Some mistakes are more fruitful than others. The productive research center provides conditions for seminal error.

How do we go about educating our public officials and the general public itself in the care and feeding of civilization? How do we instruct them in the anatomy of creativity? Purely in the long-range educational terms, a well-rounded education is the best investment a society can make in its own future. And the returns on that investment for society will be in direct proportion to its respect for abstractions and the life of the mind. —N.C.

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LIGHT REFRACTIONS

Do We Ebb and Flow by the Moon?

by Thomas H. Middleton

IN AUGUST OF 1955, I flew to Puerto Rico. The air in San Juan was like hell's own steam bath, as you might expect considering the season. I remember that as we entered the terminal, we passengers were offered free rum and Coca-Cola, which most of us accepted gratefully. I doubt this happy custom still persists. That was back in the days before Castro, and we were still on speaking and drinking terms with Cuba. It's my guess that at the time, Puerto Rican rum was number 2 and trying harder.

I went to the hotel, changed into dry clothes and, since it was about six PM, clearly high cocktail time, and still sweltering outdoors, I went into the bar, which overlooked the Caribbean, determined to see if the rest of the rum in Puerto Rico was as good as that at the airport.

It wasn't long before I was in conversation with a Puerto Rican gentleman who told me he was in the lumber business. I knew next to nothing about lumber, and I found his conversation fascinating. He told me, for instance, that undried teak has a higher specific gravity than water and will sink like a stone. He also told me that mahogany is never plagued by termites. "Unless," he added, "the tree is felled during a full moon."

I laughed and said something like, "You're kidding, of course." Evidently, he was used to dealing with wiseacres. He wasn't offended but assured me that he was absolutely serious. The moon, he reminded me, controls the tides; why might she not also control the rising of the sap in trees? If at the full moon a mahogany's vascular system is at a peak of turgidity, then after the tree is felled and the sap has dried, might not the resultant porosity of the wood invite termites? He presented this simply as theory. The one fact of which he claimed to be certain was that only mahogany felled at the full moon was susceptible to termites.

The moon has been newsworthy in the past 10 years, what with our having left a plaque and a flag, a few golf balls, and some other paraphernalia lying around on its surface. We've been kept aware of what we've been doing to the moon, but most of us have given hardly any thought to what the moon does to us.

I'm sure it will come as a surprise to no one that the word *lunatic* originally meant something like *moonstruck*. *The Oxford English Dictionary* says of *lunacy*, "intermittent insanity formerly supposed to be brought about by the changes of the moon."

The ancients who supposed insanity to be brought about by the changes of the moon might have known something. In modern times, most of us have thought of the moon principally as something to gaze at and get romantic about and, lately, to send astronauts to. But people who deal in aberrant human behavior—police, psycho-ward personnel, and emergency-room attendants, for instance—have noticed that the phases of the moon seem to have a dramatic impact on a great many of us.

I've just finished reading *The Lunar Effect* (Anchor/Doubleday, $7.95), by a psychiatrist named Arnold L. Lieber. It contains some data compiled by Dr. Lieber himself and several other scientists who suspect that a tolerant examination of the "myths" about the moon and its influence on our lives might lead to some super-important truths about the universe.

Most of us habitually chuckle at such primitive suggestions as that planting should be done by the phases of the moon or that the moon's position relative to the sun and the earth might have more than just a romantic effect on human behavior. Such notions seem quaintly folkloric; so I laughed at my Puerto Rican companion's statement about mahogany and the full moon. But as Dr. Lieber says, "Scientific research is beginning to catch up with folk beliefs."

I recall the only time I ever saw acupuncture performed. It was in an outdoor market in Taipei under an awning, between a fortune-teller and a fishmonger. The patient, seated on a wooden stool, was having needles inserted into his bare back. I didn't exactly laugh, but I smiled inwardly at such naiveté. It should have occurred to me that acupuncture wouldn't have endured for centuries if it didn't have some validity. Dr. Lieber postulates a very plausible connection between the lunar effect and acupuncture, and he suggests "the beginnings of a new and holistic view of the Universe—a system in which each part and every organism resonates with the cycle of the cosmos." Thirty years ago, no reputable scientist would have dared such phrases. Today only the foolhardy will sneer. There are, indeed, more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy.

I'm sure the word *lunatic* contains as much truth as it does poetry and the moon is a lot more than just a convenient rhyme for June, spoon, and croon a tune.

But don't take my word for it. Read the book. ◉

DISCOVERY OF THE ALTERNATE SIDE OF THE STREET.

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TOP OF MY HEAD

Divine Humor

by Goodman Ace

IF YOU enjoy a good, funny story as much as I do, you must have noticed a growing trend away from the so-called off-color stories—the type that usually begins, "There was this gorgeous blonde sitting alone at the bar...," which usually turns out more porno than graphic. However, the stories currently getting the warmest, most affectionate laughs concern the kingdom of heaven and even God Himself. Like this one:

Mack Maxwell, age 85, died and went to heaven. He was sitting in his little room when God walked in.

"Welcome, Mack," He said. "Have they given you anything to eat yet?"

"No, not yet," said Mack, "but I could eat a little something."

So God went out to the kitchen and came back with a tunafish sandwich, saying, "Mack, I have to make the rounds now, but I'll be back later. If you get bored, you can look into that crystal ball, and see what's going on down below." Later, Mack looked through the crystal ball and saw tables laden with food and people gorging themselves.

When God returned, He asked Mack if he was hungry again. Mack replied he was. God went out to the kitchen and returned with another tunafish sandwich.

"I don't want to complain," said Mack, "but I looked through the crystal ball and saw all those people feasting on so much food. But up here I only get tunafish sandwiches. How come?"

"Well, I'll tell you Mack," replied God, "through the years I've discovered it doesn't pay to cook for two."

That's only one of the new stories. I imagine they did not come about accidentally. I imagine they were heavensent by design, and while I'm imagining, it's easy to imagine that it all came to pass at a quarterly meeting of the Board of Advisory Angels, when God made this opening statement:

"Too often I have noticed in the mail phrases like 'I'm a God-fearing man' or 'It put the fear of God in me.' Fear is not a good image for an ongoing concern like Ours. It also makes for an unattractive logo. It could even turn off people from aspiring to come up here. We can't let that happen. What is needed now is a lighter touch, which I feel I can provide.

"Although My worshippers have invested Me with powers of compassion, forgiveness, omniscience, and My renowned infinite wisdom—and all those other goodies—they have never mentioned My infinite sense of humor, which thus far is as infinitely unrenowned as the third stanza of 'The Star Spangled Banner.' Actually they should have known that without humor, no one could have ruled over a planet so beset with daily mortal shenanigans. Not for long. Not with a straight face.

"All over the world people like the sound of laughter. Especially affectionate laughter, as they laughed with George Burns in a movie named after Me, *Oh, God!* He was a box-office smash. George Burns! My God, he's almost as old as I am. But as I once said in a line I created, 'All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players.'"

One of the angels interrupted, saying, "Begging your pardon, Sir, but I am the one who created that line."

"Oh, I'm sorry, William. No offense. I was only trying to indicate that if George Burns can do it, so can I. 'Fair is fair,' I always say. Or did you write that one too, William?"

"I thought of it, Sir, but I was never sure what it meant, so I dropped it."

"Nevertheless, and to get to the bottom line, I order this board to begin immediately to write down all the funny things that occur here and let them trickle down to earth. Just be sure I get all the punch lines. I only hope people won't think I'm irreverent."

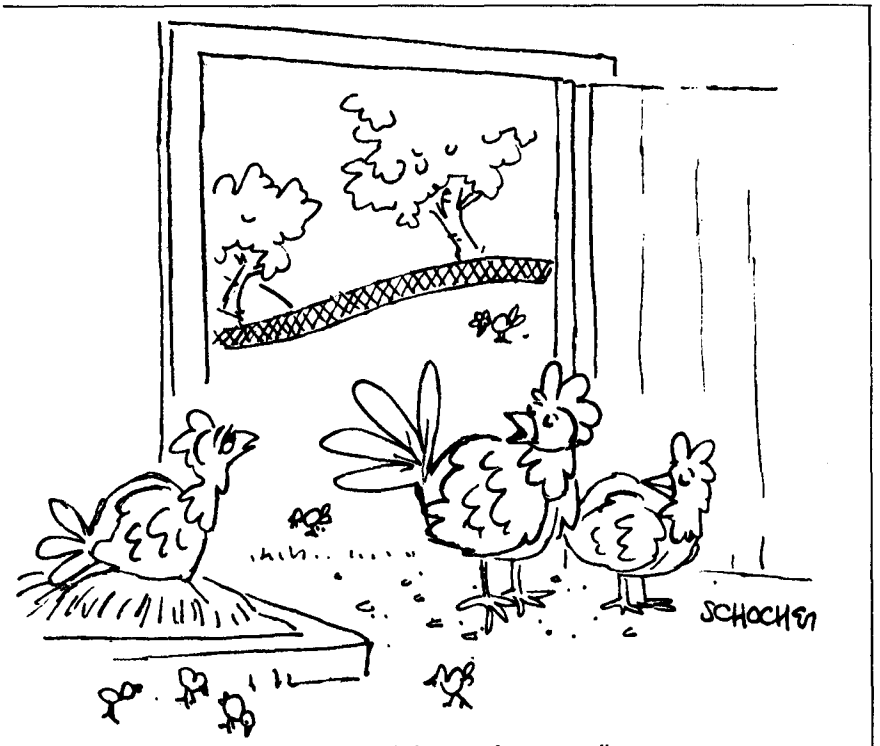
The meeting adjourned with everybody rushing off to do His bidding. Everybody but that gorgeous blonde I left up there in the first paragraph, sitting alone at the bar. I may as well tell you what happened with her.

There was this man sitting at the other end of the bar drinking his sixth martini—he had been so busy at the office that he had skipped his three-martini lunch. He weaved his way along the bar and sat beside her, saying, "Can I buy you a drink, Blondie?"

She said, "OK, but you'll be wasting your time. I'm a lesbian."

He said, "Oh, that doesn't matter to me. How *are* things in Beirut?"

One question: Why do all those girls in stories have to be gorgeous blondes? Just once I'd like to hear "gorgeous raven-haired girl," or "red-haired," or (to give equal time to my age group) "gorgeous prematurely gray-haired." As I always say, "Fair is fair." ◉



"We've decided not to have eggs."

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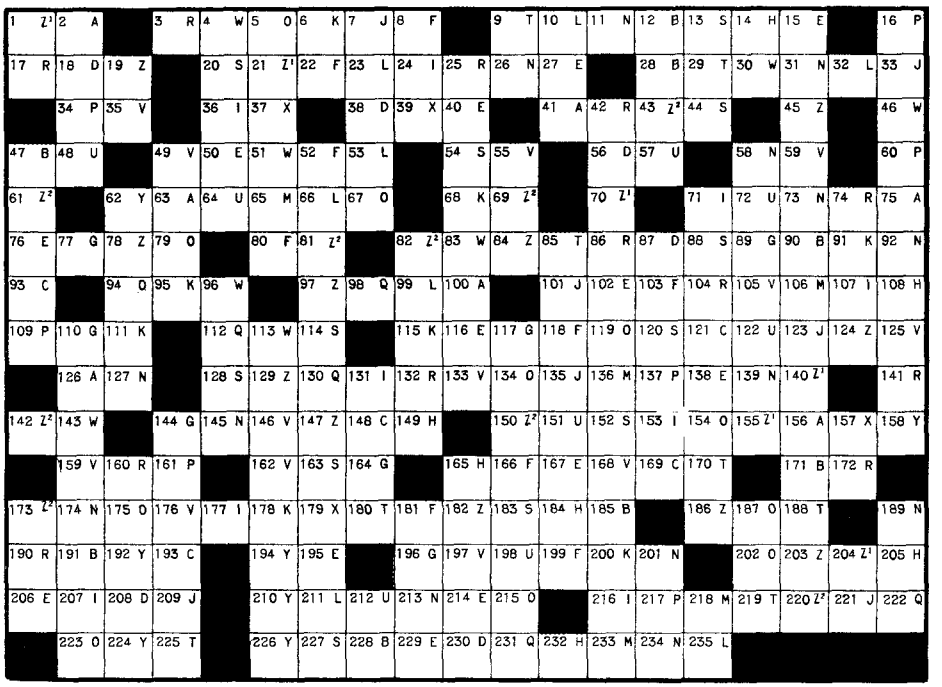
DOUBLE-CROSTIC

Number 155

by Thomas H. Middleton



Instructions:

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle. Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.

The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

Answer to Double-Crostic No. 155 will appear in the September 30 issue.

CLUES	WORDS
A. Pursued until captured; stopped ticking (2 wds.)	2 63 75 100 126 41 156
B. Salt lake, central New York	171 191 228 12 28 47 185 90
C. Cheaters	93 121 148 169 193
D. Alarm sounded by a bell	208 230 18 38 56 87
E. Under way, as horses in a race (3 wds.)	102 167 195 206 229 27 40 116 15 50 76 138 214
F. Unexpected pieces of good fortune	52 80 103 118 166 181 199 8 22
G. " them to thy soul with hoops of steel" (*Hamlet*)	77 89 117 144 196 110 164
H. "Arise, fair sun, and kill the moon." (*Romeo and Juliet*)	165 184 205 232 14 108 149
I. Largest of the Canaries	153 177 207 216 24 36 71 107 131
J. Wrenched, sprained	135 101 123 209 221 7 33
K. Wickedness	95 178 200 115 6 68 91 111
L. One of Edward Lear's specialties	211 10 32 53 66 99 235 23
M. Clutches; stagehands on a movie set	65 106 136 218 233
N. John O'Hara novel (3 wds.)	127 145 174 189 234 11 31 58 92 213 73 139 201 26
O. Harsh judge appointed by Zeus to serve in Hades	119 187 223 67 134 5 154 175 79 94 215 202

CLUES	WORDS
P. Deep dull red	16 217 60 109 137 34 161
Q. Equipment for catchers and first basemen	231 98 112 130 222
R. By leaps and bounds (3 wds.)	42 160 17 104 141 25 86 132 172 190 3 74
S. Legendary king of Athens, son of Hephaestus and Gaea	114 152 183 227 54 88 163 20 44 128 120 13
T. Denied, rebuffed	180 219 9 29 85 170 188 225
U. Dignifies; exalts	151 48 64 72 198 122 212 57
V. Insincerely, jokingly (3 wds.)	162 59 35 125 197 55 146 133 176 159 105 168 49
W. Navel; central point	51 46 30 113 4 143 83 96
X. Slope	37 39 157 179
Y. Mellifluous, dulcet	62 194 224 210 158 226 192
Z. Fascination	19 129 147 78 45 84 186 97 203 124 182
Z¹. Loose, indecent, lewd	204 155 21 70 140 1
Z². Peculiar, odd	43 150 173 61 69 81 220 142 82

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THE BACK DOOR

The Bureaucrats vs. the Rest of Us

THERE'S A WAR brewing, of which California's debate on Proposition 13 is only the first skirmish. The lineup is not the familiar "liberals" vs. "conservatives," or working people vs. capitalists. It is the People vs. their Government. And it's going to be hell.

The issue is money. Each year for the past generation, Americans more or less compliantly have paid larger portions of their earned dollars to the government. What we were purchasing with those dollars was a range of services, from defense to postal delivery to education to food and housing for the poor, which the private sector supposedly could not or would not provide. We were also purchasing protection *from* the private sector, which was presumed to be utterly greedy and unconscientious.

The problem was that the providers of services and protections had to be paid. Moreover, once one started to pay them, it was almost impossible to stop. In the private sector a work force shrinks when demand shrinks. But most civil servants cannot be laid off. For reasons I can't quite recall, they won tenure. Lacking incentives to work harder or more efficiently (in the civil service, merit raises are forbidden), workers produced less. Less cost the taxpayer more. Worse, the more inefficient and ineffectual government became, the more liberally it spent taxpayers' money, monitoring and legislating morality for the industries that earned the money to pay government's bills.

Taxpayers finally began to wonder if what they were getting was worth what they were paying. They wondered whether regulating an industry didn't end up costing the consumer more. And when companies, regulation-shy, started buying up existing companies rather than starting new ones, taxpayers wondered whose interests were being served. Since the New Deal, the American government had accomplished an enormous amount, had transformed American society. But now government seemed to be functioning in nobody's interest but its own.

By adopting Proposition 13 by such a wide margin, Californians said No! in thunder. But the problem is not unique to California.

It's worse in New York. In 1960, New York's state and local governments employed 10 percent more people than the private sector; in 1973, 20 percent. (The average for all the states, for the same period, rose from 11.4 percent to 17.8 percent.) A New Yorker pays 17.3 percent of his personal income for local government (compared with the 15 percent a Californian pays, the 12.5 percent the average American pays). Being in an unfavorable competitive position in the last decade, New York lost corporations and jobs to other states. The tax base shrank. But state and local budgets kept growing.

This past June, New York's colorful commerce commissioner John Dyson proposed an innovative solution: a state constitutional amendment that would limit the number of state employees to one percent of the state's population, and the number of local-government employees to no more than two percent of the population. The immediate effect of such an amendment would be the loss of almost half a million government jobs. The anticipated long-term effect would be to diminish New Yorkers' tax burden, to encourage more efficient use of the available personnel, and to persuade defecting corporations that New York is a favorable place to do business.

"We have learned the hard way that a government bureaucracy is *not* our friend," explains Dyson. "It has become too interested in its own pensions, civil-service protections, and its own growth to care much any more about the people it was supposed to serve. We must now be strong enough to limit our public sector and through economic incentives unleash the creative powers of our private sector."

Anything resembling Dyson's proposals—whether in New York or California or the federal government—will be angrily opposed by policemen, firemen, public-school teachers, sanitation workers, postal workers, and all the public service unions. They will cry betrayal. They will strike. The American union movement will be rent apart as the workers in the private sector realize that *their* dollars, too, are being spent to meet public unionists' demands. There will be rough times. But in the People vs. their Government, the people will prevail. Because they feel fed up, skeptical of government's ability to solve their problems, and gypped. They are determined not to waste the pay they worked hard to earn.

—CARLL TUCKER

"Walter, we'll have two scotch and waters and one Tequila Sunrise."

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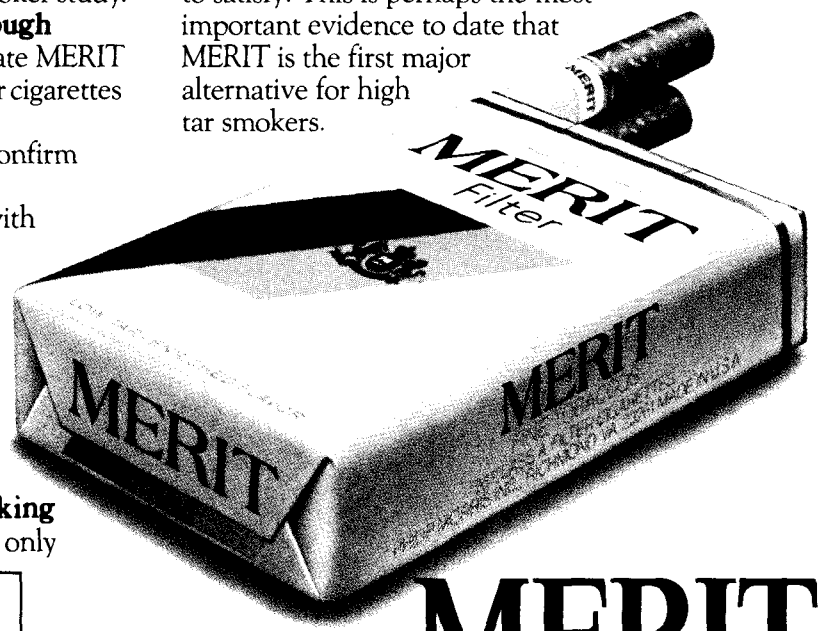

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